



No. 620.—VOL. XLVIII.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1904.

SIXPENCE.



A NEW STUDY OF MISS NINA SEVENING, PLAYING IN "THE CINGALEE," AT DALY'S.

Photograph by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.



The Sketch Office,
Monday, Dec. 12.

MY gentle remarks in last week's *Sketch* on the subject of speech-making have brought me quite a number of interesting replies. One of my correspondents suggests, rather ingeniously, that my protests against what I chose to term the vice of speech-making were prompted by jealousy. Really, now I come to think of it, perhaps they were. Certainly, the only occasion on which I tried to make a speech still remains with me an exceedingly painful memory. In my defence, however, I may urge that, having discovered at the age of twenty that public speaking was not my strong point, I made a resolve never to offend in that way again, and I never have. The people, on the other hand, for whose benefit my kindly rebuke was intended are those who, having discovered over and over again that public speaking is not their strong point, still persist in making public speeches. I have nothing to say against witty speakers: they resemble three well-known pens, not only because they are widely advertised, but also for the reason that they come as a boon and a blessing to men. At least, I should think they did. Once, I remember, I heard a witty speaker, and enjoyed him quite as much as the people who go to the Crystal Palace enjoy Mr. Brock. It is rather hard, then, that this very man should write to me suggesting that the fog and rain have put me out of temper. If only I knew how to boo!

For a month past, Christmas goods of all kinds have been pouring into *The Sketch* office. You can have no idea, until you have seen them heaped together in one room, how many and how beautiful are the allurements set in the path of the public during the month of December. Every day the gifted lady who is good enough to take charge of our fashion department calls the ceiling to witness that never, *never* were there such exquisite calendars, crackers, and Christmas-cards. Every day I find the staff of able gentlemen who unravel the accounts of humorous artists gloating over leather-bound pocket-books or the latest miracle in diaries. Every day my office-boy runs the risk of inducing an attack of brain-fever through endeavouring to master, surreptitiously, the latest form of parlour-cricket or table-golf. Even as I write, somebody has placed at my elbow a tin, hermetically sealed, that looks uncommonly like a bomb. I am assured, though, that it is merely a plum-pudding, packed for transmission to the Colonies. The effects of a plum-pudding, at any rate, are not so deadly as those of a bomb. (Christmas joke.)

"The latest and newest form of science and amusement is to collect imprints of thumbs." I glean this information from a small album entitled "Thumb O Graphs." The album contains a number of blank pages and an ink-pad. All you have to do is to persuade your confiding friends to place their thumbs firmly on the ink-pad, make impressions on the pages, and attach their autographs. There, so far as the printed instructions go, the latest and newest form of science and amusement ends. If you are really smart, however, you will not allow the game to conclude so tamely. On the contrary, having filled your album with "Thumb O Graphs," you will take it to Scotland Yard and see how much the police authorities are willing to offer for the album. The price, of course, will depend upon the occupations (and, perhaps, the names) of your friends. The "Thumb O Graph" of a schoolgirl would not be worth a halfpenny, but there might be quite a nice little sum in store for the ingenuous collector who managed to secure the identification-marks of a shady solicitor or an easily-led financier. The authorities at Scotland Yard would readily admit the value of your services in such cases. A shady solicitor or an easily-led financier, you see, would be hardly likely to play at "Thumb O Graphs" with a professional detective.

The most original of the diaries, I think, is the "Daily Health Diary," compiled by Mr. Eustace Miles. Mr. Eustace Miles, you know, is quite an enthusiast on the matter of health. One of his "general hints" runs as follows: "Imagine and realise only those pleasant, harmless things that you wish to be true and actual—such as all-round fitness, all-round success." The advice is excellent. I shall certainly do my best to act up to it during the coming year. Nothing, I am sure, would be more beneficial to my health than to realise all-round success. "Do not," says Mr. Miles again, "fail to see the humour of things, especially of yourself. This disarms critical sneers." Mr. Miles, I am quite sure, sees the humour of things. That is why he gives his readers for Sunday, Jan. 8, a recipe for roasted cheese, followed immediately by this exercise: "Stand erect, with back hollow and chin comfortably in. As you breathe in through the nostrils bring your right knee up, and pull it up with your right hand. Let the toe of the right leg be pointing downwards. Keep the left hand relaxed. Then, with the hand still holding the knee and the toes still turned downwards, send the right knee out to the right side as far as it will go without strain. Then shoot it down as far as it will go, somewhat as you would in the breast-stroke at swimming. It should end up with the toe still pointing down. As you send the leg down, breathe out through the nostrils. Then practise this with the other side. Then, lying flat on your back, do it with the two sides together, ending up with the feet together." Could anyone invent an exercise more suitable for Sunday, Jan. 8, especially after eating roasted cheese?

Whatever you do, though, Mr. Miles would have you do it leisurely. You should eat leisurely, breathe leisurely, think leisurely, wash leisurely. At the same time, "Walk when you have the chance, rather than sit and ride so much. Vary the walk with an occasional run, pretending, if you are shy, that you have a train to catch." I have no wish to be sneering or critical—indeed, does not Mr. Miles's humour disarm critical sneers?—but I should just like to ask, very softly, how the shy man is to pretend that he has a train to catch. Should he sally forth for his constitutional with a bag in one hand and a hat-box in the other? Or should he, as he runs, brandish in the faces of those he meets a "Bradshaw" or an "A.B.C."? Mr. Miles says nothing on this very important point. He passes on to Sunday, Feb. 12, when, after a dish of buttered macaroni, you should start with the crouching attitude and lunge out some distance.

Mr. W. S. Gilbert still keeps up his reputation for being ahead of his age. At a time when most of us are wondering what to give our friends and relations in the way of presents this Christmas, Mr. Gilbert has actually decided on his present for Mr. Cyril Maude *next* Christmas. This is to be a nice new theatre. The name of Mr. Maude's theatre will be "The Playhouse," and it is to be built in the very heart of the West-End. Before the architect's plans are finally approved, I should like to suggest to Mr. Gilbert and Mr. Maude that they should provide a special room for the use of critics on first-nights. Is it not strange that, although, nowadays, West-End theatres receive almost as much attention in the Press as the Houses of Parliament, the managers pay less attention to the comfort of the representatives of the Press than the reporter of a local paper receives when he is sent to write up a village flower-show! Over and over again, I have seen the dramatic critics of influential papers vainly endeavouring to write a clear, bright synopsis of an Act amid the chatter and fuss of the saloon-bar. If theatrical managers appreciated the difficulties under which critics work—especially those who represent papers with such enormous circulations that they are compelled to go to press very early—there would be a "Critics' Room" in every good theatre in London. I commend the idea to Messrs. W. S. Gilbert and Cyril Maude.

"LADYLAND," THE NEW COMIC OPERA AT THE AVENUE.



SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER.



Grenadiers—The Clubs and Army Doctors.

WILL the British Grenadiers again become something more than a name and a memory? I do not mean the Grenadier Guards, but the Grenadier Companies of the Line regiments. The most furious fighting in the assaults on Port Arthur has been carried on with dynamite hand-bombs, both sides using these. Mr. Arnold-Forster is constantly promising us an up-to-date Army, and it ought certainly to include practised bomb-throwers. It is one of the curiosities of modern warfare that the bullet of to-day which kills at two miles' distance goes like a penknife through a man at close quarters and rarely stops him in his advance. Therefore recourse has to be had to machines of war which were invented some time about the year 1530.

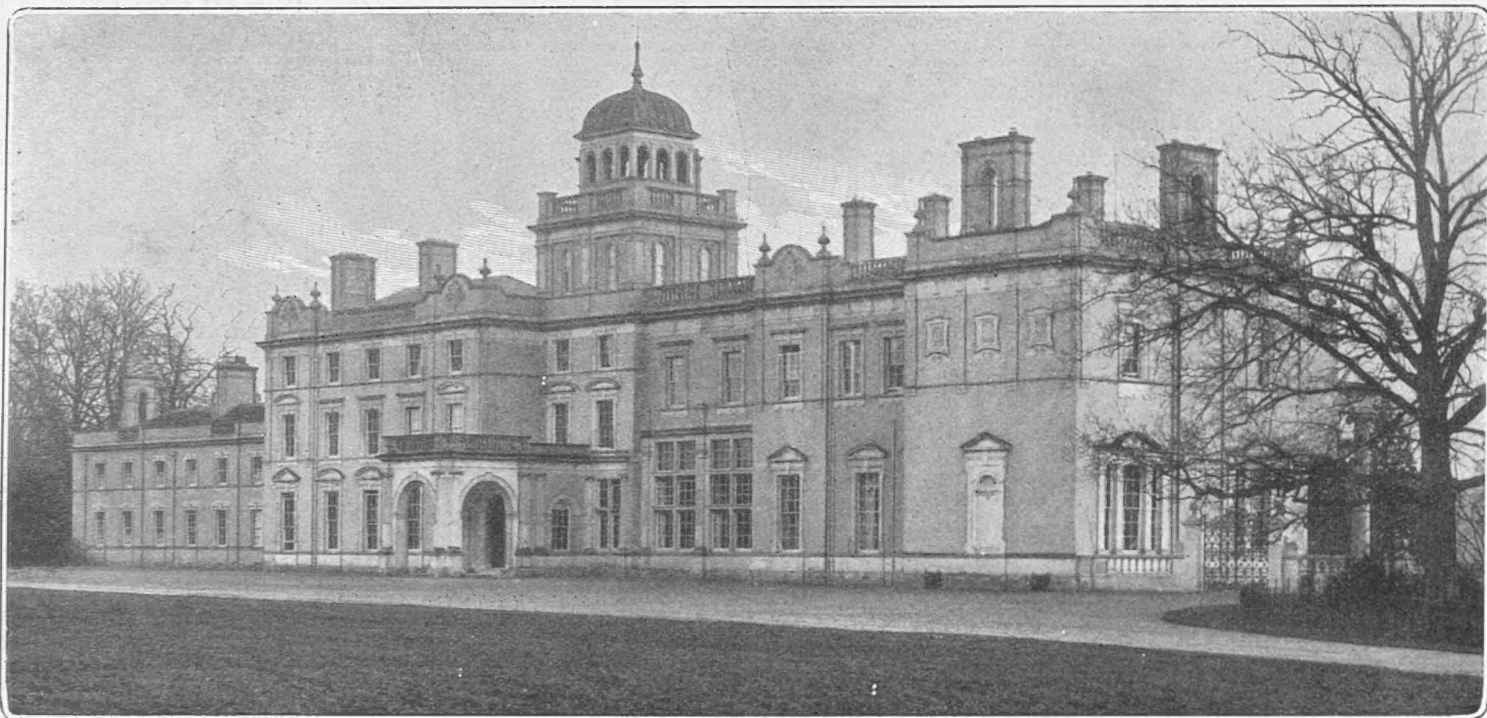
In British regiments the Grenadier Company stood on the right of the line and the Light Company on the left. The former was

Army large enough not only to garrison her fortresses, but to put a force in the field as well. The average Belgian, a good commercial man, would sooner pay someone to soldier for him than shoulder a musket himself, and it is over the question of "personal" or "substituted" service that the Government and the Opposition are at loggerheads.

There is a little breeze blowing in Clubland over the black-balling of a batch of Army doctors for the Junior United Club, and I am told that a General Meeting has been called to consider the matter. The Junior Army and Navy Club, which not long ago closed its doors, had a great number of the Army doctors on its rolls, and many of them, doubtless, have now no Military Club to go to.

I always found, all my service through, that the doctors who joined the R.A.M.C. were most pleasant representatives of their splendid profession, and they are always welcome in any mess; but in Clubland I have constantly heard it said that the Military Clubs, though delighted to have on their books of membership a fair proportion of the Army doctors, have always objected when the doctors all wished to belong to any particular Club. They are so much in earnest over their dual professions that their fellow soldiers think, rightly or wrongly, that they are apt to talk too much "shop," and this is an offence against Club manners.

The officer of the R.A.M.C. holds a most distinguished position, but the fact that he has two professions is a difficulty to him. He is a



CULFORD HALL, BURY ST. EDMUNDS, WHERE THE EARL AND COUNTESS CADOGAN ARE ENTERTAINING THE KING AND QUEEN THIS WEEK.

Photograph by Jarman, Bury St. Edmunds.

composed of the tallest men of the regiment, the latter of small, quick men who made good skirmishers. It was always considered an honour to belong to or to command either of these Companies, and to the present day A and H Companies of a regiment still hold to the old titles and are proud of their place on parade. A Grenadier was expected to throw his bomb thirty yards, and there was a regular drill, "Blow your match," and so on, for the lighting of the fuses and the flinging of the bombs. In the old song of "The British Grenadiers" the men are described, it will be remembered, as marching with hand-grenades.

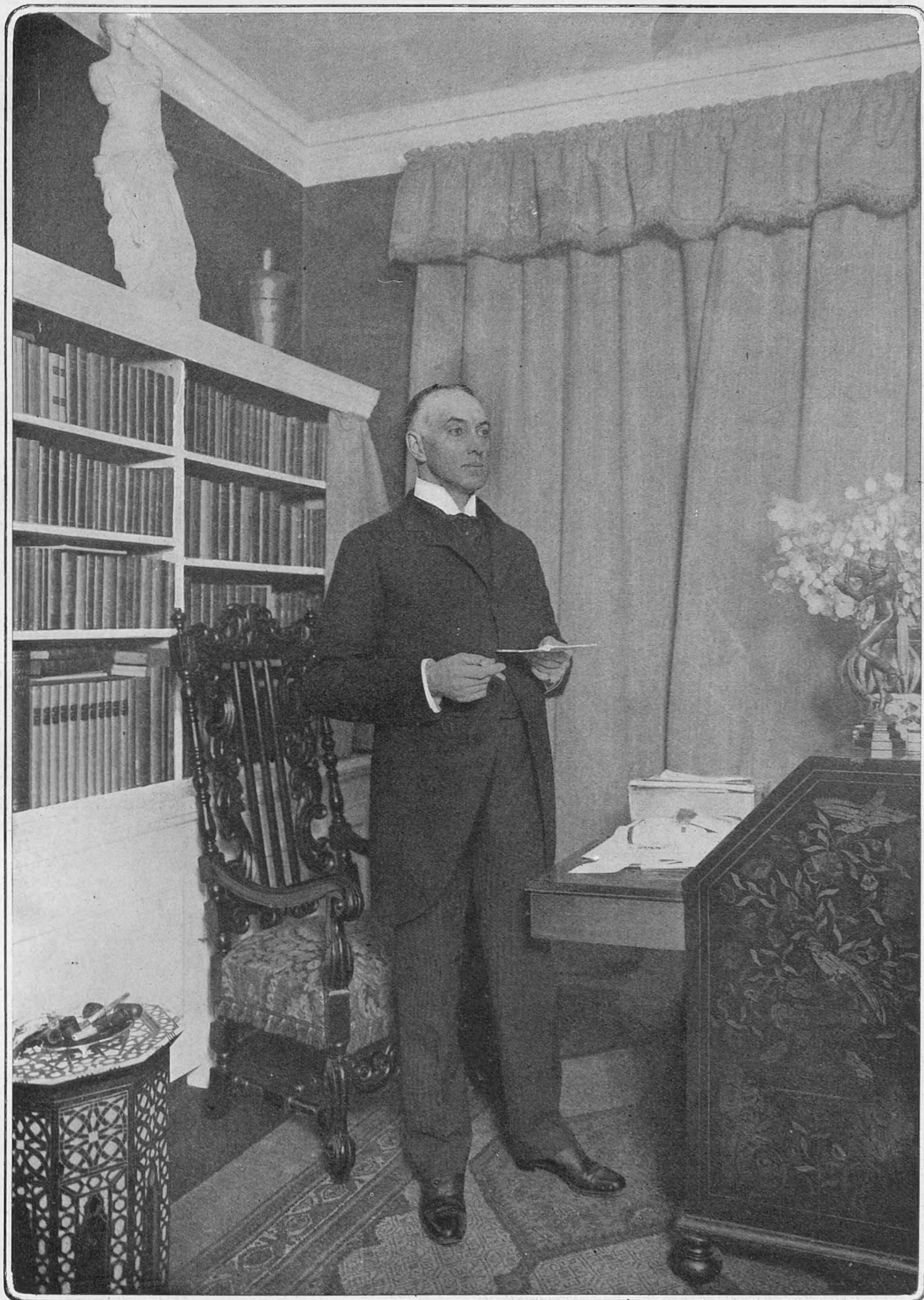
We have gained one point before the Commission on the North Sea incident opens its proceedings by the publication of the Russian Admiral's despatch owning that his gunners fired on some of their own ships. I am told that the publication of this belated despatch, which, I fancy, must have lost its way somewhere in the Admiralty at St. Petersburg, was due to a discovery on the part of the Russians that our Government had sworn evidence that the Chaplain who died at Tangier was not wounded by the machinery—the original Russian story—but by a shell, and could give in detail the harm which the Russian ships did to each other. This would have been a splendid mine to spring when the Commissioners met at Paris, but the Russian Admiralty hopes that its effect has now been forestalled.

The Belgians are once more agitated concerning their Army. Belgium has even more sudden fits of Army reorganisation than we have, and it is an unfortunate country in that the state of its Army is the business of all the countries which guarantee Belgian independence, whereas, if we choose to muddle matters, it is only our own concern. Belgium occasionally gets a reminder that it is her duty to keep an

doctor to the combatant officers, and a military officer to the civilian doctors. In the old days the regimental surgeon was just as much part of the regiment as the Colonel was. He generally acted as Mess President and was invariably a most popular officer. Now in stations where there is no R.A.M.C. mess the Army doctor is an honorary member of a regimental mess, and does not belong to any corps but his own. The R.A.M.C. is just as much an organisation apart from the rest of the Army as the Guards are, and I think the doctor-soldiers would be wise if they were as exclusive in Clubland as the Guards are, and would advise them to take a little Club-house of their own and make it a great honour for any combatant officer of the higher ranks to be admitted there as a member.

One of the most enjoyable events of the children's holiday season should be the matinée on Jan. 10 at the St. James's Theatre (kindly lent by Mr. George Alexander) in aid of the "Fresh-Air Fund." Mr. Harry E. Brittain is organising the entertainment, with the able assistance of Mr. Wakeling Dry, the dramatic critic of the *St. James's Gazette*. What with Miss Netta Syrett's fairy-play, "White Magic," action-songs, dances, and, in addition, a scene from "The Tempest," performed by children from His Majesty's Theatre, under the direction of Mr. Beerbohm Tree, the little ones should spend a delightful afternoon. Mr. George Edwardes, too, is sending some of the children employed in his many productions to sing a chorus from "The Orchid" and to perform the "Golliwog Duet" from "The Cingalee." Every penny received will go to brighten the lives of some of the poorest children of London's slums.

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MR. FREDERICK HARRISON IN HIS STUDY.

Photographed exclusively for "The Sketch."

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Corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon Ticket in respect of the
same risk.

Dec. 14, 1904.

Signature.....

MISS NORAH DREWETT.

Miss Norah Drewett (a portrait of whom is reproduced on page 320
of this issue), whose recent recital at the Æolian Hall was one of the
chief successes of the present concert season, is a young pianist with
titles to consideration. Paderewski has commended her warmly;
audiences have cheered her in Paris and at Monte Carlo, Scheveningen
and Ostend, and one of her earliest appearances in London, at
Lord Howard de Walden's house last summer, almost roused the
audience of a charity concert to enthusiasm. The combined effect
of lessons in Paris, Hanover, and London has been a very happy one.

"Crumbs of Verse, Mainly for Chicks," by J. H. Goring, illustrated
by Evelyn Paul (C. W. Daniell), should have a warm welcome. The
verse is far above the average of that usually considered good enough
for the little ones, and most of it is genuinely humorous. The same
remark applies to the illustrations. "An Absurd Alphabet" is especially
good, but "U was an uncle with ninety-nine neices" is a slip.

What Christmas would be like without Tom Smith's crackers it is
hard to imagine. The children would be quite disconsolate, and the
grown-ups little less so. This year, however, Tom Smith's wares are
better than ever, so one need not trouble one's self with doleful
suppositions. Each box of crackers is crammed full of enjoyable
and mirthful surprises, and Santa Claus himself has a cheery rival
in ever-welcome Tom Smith.

Messrs. John Jaques and Son, Limited, of Hatton Garden, have
introduced many new games which should be in great request at
Christmas-time. One of their latest, appropriately called "Rollemis,"
is a game of skill that may be played at any season, either in or out of
doors, and individually or by any number of persons. As the name
implies, it is a ball-game, and one that, while requiring a certain
amount of skill, is productive of much merriment.

Messrs. Hedges and Butler, of 155, Regent Street, who have the
honour of appointment as wine-merchants to His Majesty King
Edward VII., possess a unique record of ancient Royal Warrants and
Orders dating from the days of King William IV. The cellars of this
old-established house contain vast quantities of wines of the choicest
growths and most esteemed vintages of ports, clarets, burgundies, and
champagnes, and are well worth a visit, for they are of remarkable
extent and completeness. Their own brands of old vatted Scotch
whiskies are very much in favour, and the firm also possess a very
fine stock of rare old liqueur cognac brandies, dating from the
1842 vintage.

THE

ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

DECEMBER 17.

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THE

ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

DECEMBER 17.

OFFICE: 108, STRAND, W.C.



SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

NEVER is the King happier or more at home than at the Smithfield Show. He looked particularly well last week when he visited the Agricultural Hall and examined the cattle, with catalogue in hand. His eye was that of a shrewd judge, and, no doubt, his chat with the friends who accompanied him was worthy of a prize-winner. The King's beard looked thoroughly grey against his brown overcoat; but he was obviously in good health, and his smile was

a cheerful sign. His reception, as usual, was very hearty. The farmers and their wives and daughters crowded to see him, and the cattle-men watched him with phlegmatic curiosity.

The Prince of Wales scarcely realised the rural idea of robust health. Amid the agriculturists he looked very slim. There was, however, almost as much curiosity to see him as to see the King. His interest in the cattle was not so keen as His Majesty's, but he chatted in a pleasant way with the members of the Smithfield executive and the officials. The Royal visit to the Show lasted three-quarters of an hour and was highly appreciated.

A Memorable Date. To-day (Wednesday, 14th) is a memorable date to our Royal Family, and till nine years ago was one associated with events of deep sorrow, for on that day in the year 1861 the nation learnt, with heartfelt consternation, of the death of the Prince Consort, while exactly seventeen years later died Princess Alice, Grand Duchess of Hesse, King Edward's favourite sister. Thus the date became doubly one of mourning for the Royal Family. Then, in 1895, as the old century was drawing to a close, was born on the 14th of December the second son of our present Prince and Princess of Wales, and since that day the happier anniversary has blotted out sadder associations. Prince Albert of Wales is a fine-looking little lad; he and his elder brother are devoted to one another, and they will probably go into the Navy as soon as they attain the right age to do so.

Lord Northbrook. The new Lord Northbrook is a very tall, fair man—indeed, he was notable for his height even when he was in the Grenadier Guards, which is by no means a regiment of Zaccheuses. He celebrated his fifty-fourth birthday on

the 6th, and the half-century on which he can look back has been pretty full of work. He obtained his Lieutenant's commission in the Rifle Brigade before he exchanged into the Guards, and when his father was Viceroy of India he naturally did "A.D.C." duty in a filial spirit. When Gladstone swept the country in 1880, Lord Baring, as he then was, got in as a Liberal for Winchester, and he afterwards sat for North Bedfordshire as a Unionist. Altogether, he was in the Commons for more than ten years. Five years ago, he married the widow of Sir Robert Abercromby of Birkenbog and Forglen. Lady Northbrook, who comes of the old Irish family of Coote, is tall and fair, and so youthful-looking that it is hard to believe that she is the mother of a big boy of nine and two older sisters.



THE NEW LORD RIDLEY.

Photograph by Lafayette, Bond Street, W.

The new Lord Ridley, who, curiously enough, also celebrated his birthday on the 6th, though he is just twenty years younger than Lord Northbrook, has a face characteristically English alike in its thoughtfulness and its frankness. He is rather to be pitied for having to "go upstairs" so early in his career. Although he had only sat for Stalybridge for four years, he had already made an excellent impression in the House, and was regarded as among the most promising of the younger Tories. He did fairly well at Balliol, though he never achieved a Fellowship of All Souls, as his father did. Now, he will find his time pretty well occupied in looking after the large commercial interests left by his father, by whose wise foresight the port of Blyth, on the North-East coast, was practically created. As a Peer, too, he can take up a more independent attitude towards the Fiscal Question than he could as a member of the House of Commons. His wife is the youngest daughter of Lord and Lady Wimborne, and he is therefore brother-in-law of Mr. Ivor Guest, who contrives to be Conservative member for Plymouth and prospective Liberal candidate for Cardiff at the same time. This connection would seem to draw him to the Free Trade side.

The Sunny South. The Riviera is likely to enjoy an exceptionally brilliant winter season. Already the principal villas at Monte Carlo, at Nice, and at Cannes are occupied, or only awaiting their occupants till January, and there will be a large Royal gathering at Cannes, where the Grand Duke Michael and the Countess Torby attract by their kindly hospitality many Russian and German Royal personages. It is even said that the German Crown Prince will make a stay there of some days, in order to enjoy the society of his youthful *fiancée*, whose mother has a beautiful villa in the most exclusive of Riviera towns. There is talk of a Casino at Cannes, and some of the older inhabitants view the project with distrust. The idea, however, is taking shape, and it is said that this added attraction to the town first discovered half-a-century ago by the great Lord Brougham will be open next year—or rather, on Jan. 1, 1906. A British hospital in memory of Queen Victoria is being built at Nice and will be opened in the spring.



LORD AND LADY NORTHBROOK.

Photographs by Lafayette, Bond Street, W.

Lady Algernon Gordon-Lennox.

Lady Algernon Gordon-Lennox shares many of her sister Lady Warwick's interests and hobbies. She is devoted to animals, and is an enthusiastic gardener—indeed, since she and Lord Algernon Gordon-Lennox became the tenants of Lord Saye and Sele at Broughton Castle they have made the grounds of the famous old stronghold a dream of loveliness, and have transformed the moat into one of the most perfect water-gardens in the kingdom. Lady Algernon is far fonder of the country than of the town, but it is probable that she will be a good deal in London this next season, as her only child, Miss Ivy Gordon-Lennox, will then make her début. This noteworthy débutante of 1905 inherits beauty from both sides of the house, and many good judges regard her as strikingly like her mother's half-sister, the Duchess of Sutherland. She has been a good deal abroad, for both her parents are fond of travelling and of the Sunny South.

Colonel Goosieff.

The first Russian officer, Colonel Goosieff, who was wounded in the Far East, and who was sent, in September last, to the Home of Rest established at Cannes by the Grand Duke Michael, has now returned to Russia. The Colonel was very badly wounded and was very weak when he arrived at Cannes; but he is now completely restored, thanks to the air of the Riviera, and talks of returning to the seat of war. The work of the Grand Duke Michael at Cannes has been greatly appreciated, and his Home of Rest has been the means of restoring a number of officers to health.

An Anglo-Russian Princess.

It is strange how few marriages take place between Englishwomen and Russian nobles. An exception which proved the rule was that of Miss Fleetwood Wilson, known in the 'eighties and 'nineties as the most popular spinster in London Society, to Prince Alexis Dolgorouki. The wedding made a great sensation, and was celebrated both according to the Church of England and the Russian rites, it being the first time that the "smart" world had been present at such a picturesque function as that of a Russian marriage. The alliance has turned out an exceedingly happy one; the handsome, cultivated Russian Prince—who, by the way, writes charming English verse—is devoted to his British wife, and for her sake consents to spend a considerable portion of each year in England or in Scotland, where of late years they have taken a picturesque stronghold on Deeside. The Princess some years ago adopted a pretty little girl, who bears the peculiar Russian name of Sacha and who is in every way treated as if she were Her Highness's own child.

The Resort of Kings.

Visitors to the Riviera will be interested to hear that the King of the Belgians has just bought a magnificent property at Cap Martin and that the title-deeds were handed over a few days ago. The park is a very fine one, bounded by the sea and the high-road, and in the grounds stands a building which has been left unfinished for forty years by its original proprietor, an Englishman who died recently. It is understood that King Leopold will visit Antibes this winter to superintend the alterations. The regattas of the Club Nautique de Nice have been fixed for March 11th to 20th and April 18th and 24th. The Cannes Regatta will be held from March 22nd to 26th.

"Imperator et Artifex."

In a few days the good people of Berlin will have the pleasure of hearing for the first time the new four-Act Opera, "Roland," the libretto of which has been written by the Kaiser, and the music by Signor Leoncavallo. It is now some ten years since the

Emperor William hit upon the idea of collaborating in an opera with Leoncavallo, who had recently become famous with "I Pagliacci," and he determined that the subject should be "Willibald, the Roland of Berlin." But Leoncavallo was reprehensibly slow in setting to work, and finally, when he went to Berlin to superintend the rehearsals of "La Bohème," and asked for an audience of the Emperor, he was informed that he would not be received until he brought the opera completed. The composer, seeing that there was no help for it, retired to his villa on the Lago di Gardo, and wrote the music without stopping. During the past few weeks the opera has been in rehearsal at the Royal Opera in Berlin, and the Kaiser himself has attended on two or three occasions, to the qualified joy of the performers.

A New National Hymn.

Whether that which is not a nation can possess a National Hymn is, no doubt, a delicate point of International Law, but, at any rate, the Congo Free State has decided on getting one without waiting for the authorisation of the Great Powers. M. Gevaert is the lucky composer who was commissioned by the King of the Belgians to write this work of art, and he has just conducted a private performance for King Leopold with complete success. The hymn will shortly be given to the world.

The Duchess of Aosta.

The very serious illness of the Duchess of Aosta cast a great shadow over Royal circles last week, and much sympathy was felt with the Queen of Portugal, who left this country at a moment's notice in order to be with her favourite sister. As Princess Hélène of Orleans, the beautiful Italian Duchess was intimately known to English Society, for she spent her girlhood at Stowe and made her informal début at a Marlborough House garden-party. The young Princess was said in those days to be by far the most beautiful of Royal spinsters. Tall, fair, blue-eyed, and singularly graceful, highly accomplished, and a fearless horse-woman, it was thought probable that she would some day, as had done her elder sister, grace a throne. Indeed, till this last summer it seemed likely that she would do so, for the Duke of Aosta, till the birth of the little Prince of Piedmont, was heir-presumptive to the King of Italy. The Duke and Duchess of Aosta make their home in Turin, where they have a splendid palace, filled with priceless works of art, which was the property of the greatest Italian heiress of her day, the last survivor of the Cisterna family, who was the mother of the present Duke of Aosta and his two brothers.

Some Important Engagements.

As generally happens, quite a number of very important engagements have been announced during the first week in December. Of these the most notable is undoubtedly that of Miss Daisy Leiter, Lady Curzon of Kedleston's sister, to the Earl of Suffolk. The two saw a great deal of each other in India, for the young Peer was "A.D.C." to the Viceroy. The political world is much interested in the engagement of Mr. Eric Chaplin, the only son of the notable statesman who has so long been the great champion of Protection in this country, to Miss Gladys Wilson, the fourth member of what has been described as the loveliest quartette of sisters in Society. A soldier Baronet, Sir William Mahon, is to marry Lord Clonbrock's second daughter, Miss Edith Dillon. Lord Malmesbury, who has his twin brother for heir, is just engaged to Miss Dorothy Calthorpe, the daughter of Lord and Lady Calthorpe. Next year will be a record wedding-year, if only because it will see the bridal of the German Emperor's eldest son and heir.



LADY ALGERNON GORDON-LENNOX, SISTER OF THE COUNTESS OF WARWICK.

Photograph by Langflier, Old Bond Street, W.



PRINCESS DOLGOROUKI AND HER ADOPTED CHILD.

Photograph by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.

The Mayoress of Westminster.

Lady Cheylesmore, who is winning golden opinions in her new rôle of Mayoress of Westminster, is an American by birth, for she is a daughter of Mr. Francis French, of New York. At the time she married the present Lord Cheylesmore he was Colonel Herbert Eaton, of the Guards, and she became at once immensely popular in the



LADY CHEYLESMORE, THE MAYORESS OF WESTMINSTER.

Photograph by Lafayette, Bond Street, W.

smart military world. Lady Cheylesmore is likely to be a prominent London hostess. As Mrs. Eaton, she often entertained the Duke of Cambridge, who was exceedingly fond of her; and she and Lord Cheylesmore made a valuable addition to the group of hosts and hostesses of Royalty. They are both very fond of golf, and generally make a stay each year at North Berwick, where they have a pretty place called Cheylesmore Lodge. Lady Cheylesmore has two children, both sons, and, as Lord Cheylesmore's own mother was an American, both the Hon. Francis and the Hon. Herbert Eaton have more American than English blood in their veins.

A New Royal World-Tour.

The statement that the Prince of Wales will be appointed Commander of the Cruiser Squadron in the New Year is repeated, with additional interesting details. It is now thought that His Royal Highness will fly his flag from the cruiser *Good Hope*; that Prince Louis of Battenberg, as second in command, will be aboard the *Drake*; and that the first act of the squadron will be a voyage round the world. Visits will, it is said, be paid to the British Colonies, and, possibly, to New York.

The Prince of Wales and Ireland.

The anticipated visit of the Prince of Wales to Ireland is fixed to take place in January and February next. Details are, of course, not yet definitely decided upon, but it is arranged that His Royal Highness shall go to Ashford, Cong, on Jan. 23 for some shooting with Lord Ardilaun, and that he shall attend the first Viceregal Levée at Dublin Castle on the 30th of that month. It is probable, also, that he will remain in the capital for a week, in order that he may have opportunity to attend an Investiture of the Knights of St. Patrick.

Penalties of Presidency.

It is increasingly evident that "Père" Loubet is paying the penalty of popularity. The horror of the suggestion that two of his colleagues and himself should attend official functions garbed, respectively, in uniforms of red, white, and blue, in order that their appearance together might be pleasantly suggestive of the national flag, can only just have worn off, yet now we hear of further tribulations. In the summer, we are told, several persons were poisoned by eating duck, with the result that there was a duck-scare. Duck, in fact, was voted "off." Then

enter to the President a deputation of poulterers, beseeching him to eat duck, and, if necessary, nothing but duck, until public anxiety was allayed and the despised bird reinstated. And poor M. Loubet did as he was bid, with the desired effect. Still more recently, with a praiseworthy desire to check the plague of card-leaving at the New Year, he issued a notification that he would excuse everyone from observance of the custom so far as he was concerned. As a consequence, every servant of the State rejoiced exceedingly and with a loud voice, and followed the lead. Then enter a second deputation—this time of printers and engravers—crying, in effect, "Give us back our trade." And again M. Loubet succumbed. Who would choose to be at once a lover of peace and President of the French Republic?

Wilhelm II., King of Commerce.

The Kaiser has evidently not taken to heart the lamentations aroused by his interest in commercial shipping. His proprietorship of the china-works at Cadinen, Prussia, where, it will be remembered, he held recently an impromptu sale to the members of his suite, is, apparently, a source of irritation. It is pointed out that, as he is not called upon to pay either national or municipal taxes, he is in a position to undersell his competitors, and argued that he ought to subject himself to the rule which forbids any Prussian State official to engage in trade. Meanwhile, His Imperial Majesty is reported to be organising an expedition to the capital of Abyssinia, with the object of arranging trade treaties with the Negus. Under the circumstances, the fact that the twelve soldiers from the Garde du Corps who are to act at once as guards and ornaments to the mission have been chosen not only for their stature, but for their abilities in trades—such as those of baker, smith, mechanic, or joiner—is significant.

Mrs. Washington Singer.

Throughout the West Country the name of Washington Singer is one to conjure with, for the owner of Steartfield, Paignton, and his beautiful, accomplished wife are both full of large-hearted hospitality. Since Mr. Washington Singer became Master of the South Devon Hunt—that is, since six years ago—he has proved himself one of the keenest and most successful sportsmen in the kingdom, while Mrs. Washington Singer shares her husband's love of horses, her pair of matched black cobs being famous both in town and country.



MRS. WASHINGTON SINGER, WIFE OF THE MASTER OF THE SOUTH DEVON HOUNDS.

Photograph by Durrant, Torquay.

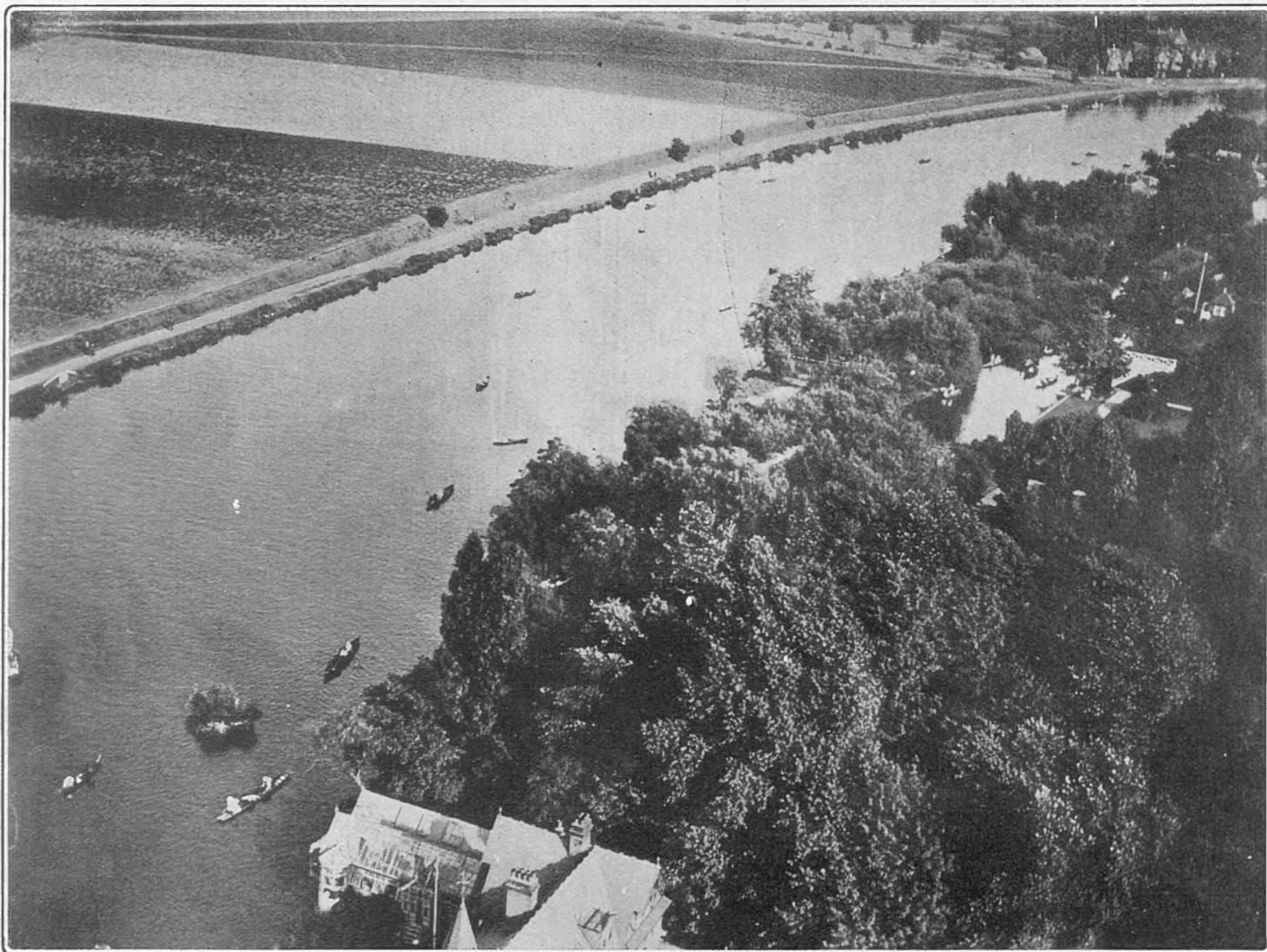
The mistress of Steartfield is, however, very feminine in her hobbies and an adept at the almost forgotten art of beautiful needlework. Mrs. Singer was before her marriage Miss Blanche Wills-Hale, the daughter of a popular soldier, and through him a descendant of that grimmest of Lords Chief Justices, Sir Matthew Hale, who flourished under the Merry Monarch.

Aërial Photography.

The view of the Royal Canoe Club Sailing Reach at Teddington reproduced herewith possesses peculiar interest, since it was not only taken from a captive balloon, but the operator, Mr. Griffith Brewer, remained on *terra firma* the while. Mr. Griffith Brewer is an enthusiastic photographer and aëronaut, and quite recently he published an interesting account of a canoe-trip he made up the Thames, when a balloon harnessed to his tiny craft took him along at a high rate of speed. A few evenings ago, Mr. Brewer read a paper at the Aëronautical Society's Meeting, in which he described his system of aërial photography. After many experiments with free balloons, Mr. Brewer has devised a means whereby a small captive balloon of five hundred cubic-feet capacity, inflated from the ordinary house gas-supply, can be sent up with a camera. When the balloon has reached the required height, the lens is operated by an electric current sent up the captive line, and the photograph is thus secured without risk or inconvenience. The effect, too, is much sharper than in ordinary balloon-photography.

Foreign News.

Paris, when the weather is busy cheek-cracking, is one of the most difficult towns to walk about in that I know, and to see weak-springed cabs and struggling pedestrians trying to round a corner of the Boulevards into a side-street, or from side-street into the Rue de Rivoli, has been extremely funny, if you yourself have not been the pedestrian or in the cab in question. And, of course, the news-service broke down. Whenever it is a trifle windy, the Paris news-service breaks down, because cross-Channel wires are delicate, and all news from the Far East, the Near West, and most of what comes from the North and South, from every other country except France itself, comes to the Paris morning papers from London, either by telegraph or telephone. So that when, as this week, communication between London and the Boulevards by wire breaks down, we here in Paris get the world's news simultaneously out of the London papers sent by post and from the translation of the selfsame papers' columns into the "Dernière Heure" of the newspapers of Lutetia.



A REVOLUTION IN AÉRIAL PHOTOGRAPHY: THIS VIEW OF THE THAMES AT TEDDINGTON WAS TAKEN WITH A CAMERA ATTACHED TO A CAPTIVE BALLOON, THE OPERATOR HIMSELF REMAINING ON THE GROUND.

Mr. Pierpont Morgan's Reward.

It will be remembered that Mr. Pierpont Morgan, who is a great collector of curiosities, purchased some time ago the famous cope of Ascoli, which ought never to have left Italy. With the utmost generosity, the American financier restored the cope to the Italian authorities, and, in return, the Italian Government has struck a gold medal which it will present to Mr. Morgan in commemoration of the event. In addition, the King of Italy has conferred on him the Grand Cordon of the Order of St. Maurice, and not, as was originally stated, of the Crown of Italy. The Order of St. Maurice is far the older, as it was instituted in 1434 by Duke Amadeus VIII., whereas the Crown of Italy was founded only in 1868 by the present King's grandfather.

"King Lear" in Paris.

After Antoine's immense success, I don't suppose another Paris manager will have the temerity to mount "King Lear" for some years; but if one of them does, I hope sincerely he will choose another month to do it in (writes our Paris Correspondent). Such an invitation as Antoine-King Lear's to the elements—

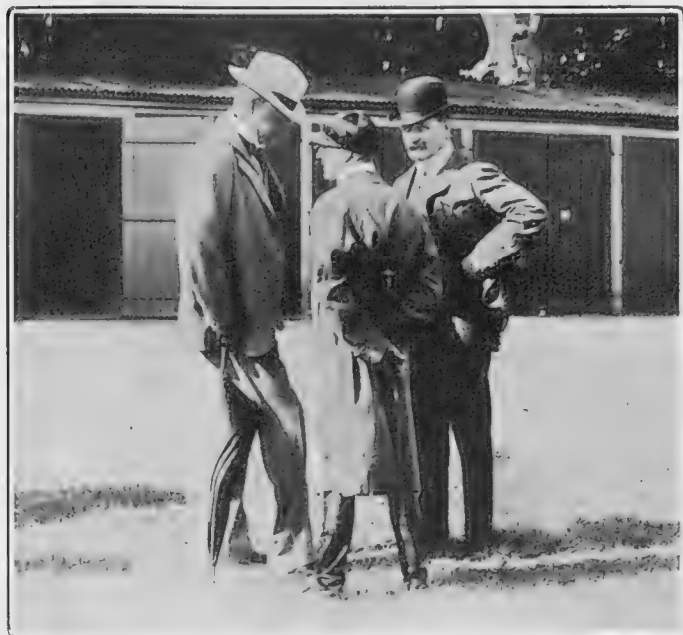
Blow, wind, and crack your cheeks; rage, blow!
You cataracts and hurricanoes, spout
Till you have drenched our steeples,

was more than a December weather-clerk could possibly resist, and we have had some fearsome samples of his quality this week.

A French Don Quixote.

People have a way, because he, too, is tall and thin, of comparing Paul Déroulède to Don Quixote, but this is very hard upon the Señor de la Mancha, who, although a little crazed, was no fool when his Dulcinea was not in question; and, after all, when Dulcineas are in question, most men are. And, after calling M. Déroulède Don Quixote, the name of Sancho follows naturally for his opponent, M. Jaurès, who, being a level-headed and a clever man, must, I suppose, have set out for Spain with the deliberate idea of making the duello an object of ridicule once and for all. He and his adversary certainly did make their duel very funny. The notion of Déroulède stalking across the frontier-line, removing his hat to an irresponsive France, kissing his hand to the blue sky of "La Pat-r-r-r-r-r-ie," which he had seen from any of his windows in San Sebastian at any time he cared to glance at it, and distributing silver fivepences to the small ragamuffins who begged for them and whom he greeted as "jeunes Français"—and Déroulède did all these things before he and his adversary exchanged a negative shot each—is deliciously absurd; but funniest of all was his gift to the gentleman who lent him and M. Jaurès his garden to shoot at each other in, for Paul Déroulède handed him a medal, on one side of which appears his, Paul's, expressive features, while the reverse is labelled with the words "Vox Populi." The modesty of Paul omits the other two which, as a rule, are added to the saying, and France is kingless yet, and Paul in exile.

"TAKEN UNAWARES": SOME SNAPSHOTS OF PROMINENT RACING-MEN.



THE DUKE OF PORTLAND (ON-LEFT), WITH HIS TRAINER AND MORNINGTON CANNON.



MR. LEOPOLD DE ROTHSCHILD, WITH HAYHOE (HIS TRAINER) AND KEMPTON CANNON.



LORD ROSEBERY.



MR. J. MUSKER, OWNER OF HENRY THE FIRST.



SIR JAMES MILLER, OWNER OF ROCK SAND.



SIR EDGAR VINCENT AND R. DAY, HIS TRAINER.



MR. F. ALEXANDER LEADING IN THROWAWAY, WINNER OF THE ASCOT GOLD CUP.

MY MORNING PAPER.

By THE MAN IN THE TRAIN.

I HAVE been reading quite a number of articles lately dealing with Peace and Goodwill. The approach of Christmas seems to turn men to thoughts of kindness. At least, that is the impression one corner of the paper offers; on the other side of the same sheet you may chance to find a fierce outcry against the poverty-stricken alien. I hold no brief for the pauper immigrant, even though I remember enough of my English History to recall the good that persecuted paupers have done to this country in times past. Doubtless it is wicked enough to be an alien at all, and when poverty is added to the offence it becomes heinous. And yet the alien is a human being after his kind, and, even if he were left unrestricted and free from the legislation devised to meet his case, there would be no need to envy his lot in life, nor need we seek to make it worse. Chance took me down to the East-End the other day, and I drove through some of the depressing streets favoured by the immigrants. Since then, I do not think that any inducement could make me join in the outcry against the unhappy victims of bad and repressive government. At this season, too, the outcry against the poor outcasts is singularly offensive.

"Down East" Some
Years Ago.

When the 'nineties were young, I had occasion to go to a very bad riverside slum on a journalistic mission. A detective came with me, to see fair play, and our road lay through Whitechapel and Wapping, if I remember rightly. We passed through certain streets in which opium-dens, gambling-houses, and other places of disrepute had flourished. "It's all changed now," said my companion, sadly. "Those — aliens are all over the place, and now there isn't a row from year's end to year's end. Just a few 'fences' and 'smashers,' but never a right-down free-fight; and all the houses that used to do a roaring trade have shut up." I found out afterwards that the worthy man had made no little money by organising a series of personally conducted tours. There were always a few foreign visitors or home-grown idlers who wanted to see London at its worst, but now there was nothing to show them. So my guide found his occupation gone, and was loud in his outcry for a Bill to restrict alien immigration. And yet every statesman, outside the ranks of the amateurs of the newspaper-offices, would admit that the condition that roused my companion's indignation was better than the one that had been profitable to him.

The Status of Greek.

I can't help thinking that had the attack upon Greek been postponed for a few more years the unpleasant tongue would have had but few defenders. Most of us have suffered from the language in the old days, and, even if Father Time has healed the wounds, it is impossible not to see that the same trouble spent in the pursuit of a modern language would have been far more beneficial to us. With Latin the case is different. Apart from the debt our own language owes to it, Latin helps us with Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, and French. Greek has very little practical worth. When a man has acquired it, after infinite pains, he cannot be expected to proclaim its worthlessness from the house-tops, but in his heart of hearts he must feel he has been sold. Readers of morning papers can find little use for their Greek, unless it leads them to a better understanding of Mr. A. B. Walkley's dramatic criticism.

Kings and
Presidents.

The Message sent to Congress by President Roosevelt, like the German Chancellor's recent speeches in the Reichstag, is full of avowed hope for the Millennium. My rapid glance through Mr. President's Message leaves me with an idea that he has patted his countrymen on the back and told them they are real smart. He has also exhorted them to be good, run straight, and play the game—advice that is considerably older than Mr. President or his United States. If either Capital or Labour passes the bounds of freedom prescribed by good government, it will be necessary to check them—it will be specially necessary to check the latter. America is a good thing all round; it behoves all good citizens to push it along. Peace is the greatest of all blessings, and the United States must have the best Fleet in the world, for then it will be able to command this first-class blessing—presumably upon its own terms. Just as the German Chancellor defended the increase of war-materials by an appeal to the interests of peace, so Mr. President asks for the biggest Fleet in the world. It is not reassuring to the man who believes that peace and bloated armaments can't keep together for long. Let us hope the statesmen know their business; did not a great French writer say that to express silence in music he would require three military bands?



BOXING DAY: A WARNING.

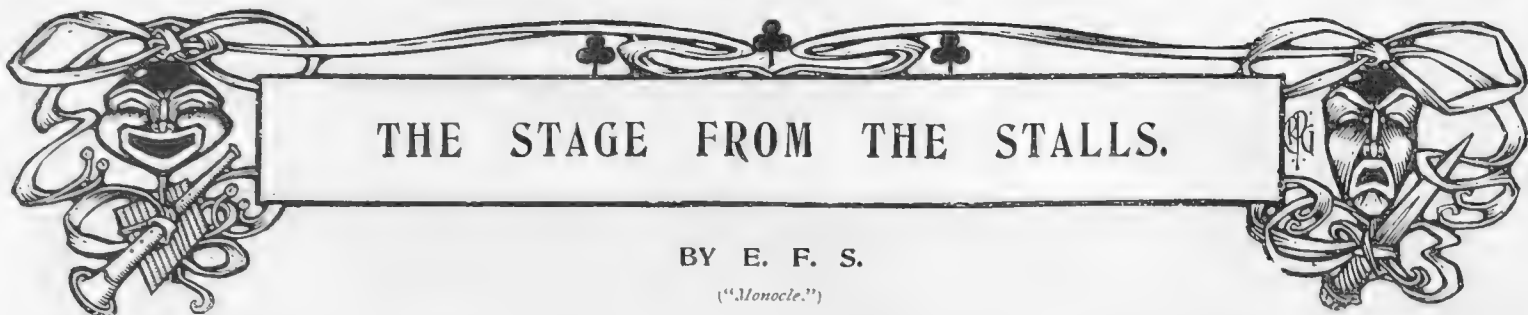
[DRAWN BY C. DOUGLAS MACKENZIE.]

Advertisements Illustrated. By Dudley Hardy.



I.

"ARTIST NEEDS CLOTHES OF ALL KINDS; WOULD EXCHANGE SEVERAL LARGE OIL-PAINTINGS. ADDRESS, ETC."



THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

BY E. F. S.

("Monocle.")

THE SPEAKING OF VERSE—"PAGLIACCI" AS A PLAY—"CHARLEY'S AUNT"—"MERELY MARY ANN."

A STATEMENT attributed to Mr. Otho Stuart which I have just seen forms a matter of considerable importance, since he is the lessee of the Adelphi Theatre. It is alleged that he said to an interviewer from the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "My theory is that the public should never be able to tell whether the words being delivered are verse or not." Now, if such a theory is popular in the profession—and this, judging from what we often hear in the theatres, seems not unlikely—it ought to be combated promptly. I hope that the Professors of Mr. Beerbohm Tree's Academy do not accept such principles. One can hardly imagine a more ridiculous waste of labour than that of the dramatist who writes his play in verse and finds it delivered as prose. He has had many obstacles to overcome, however great his natural instinct for writing poetry. He has been forced to use a number of brief phrases concerning practical matters under circumstances rendering it very difficult to avoid a descent to prose. In order to write verse, he has been compelled to indulge in many inversions of the natural order of words, and, sometimes, to eschew vigorous but ungraceful terms, and he has been obliged to employ circumlocutions that render his dialogue longer and less direct than that of the prose-writer. To all these and other difficulties he submits, believing that the ill-effect of them can be counterbalanced by the gain in beauty of sound and freedom of metaphor. Fancy, then, his horror at finding that beauty of sound, which forms his reason for enduring all the drawbacks I have indicated, torn away from him, so that the public in the theatre merely gets bad prose instead of good verse. Naturally, the poet would suggest that, if his drama is to be spoken as prose, he would prefer to prepare a prose version, and not have all the disadvantages of verse without its advantage.

It may be suspected that the real cause of the theory is the incapacity of many players to speak verse as verse. In the mouth of some, it only sounds like stilted prose, even when they try to do justice to the rhythm and metre, whilst, in the case of all, the lines appear to be ill-written prose if forced away from their significance of sound. On the other hand, I fancy no one will deny that there are actors and actresses capable of giving us the musical beauty of good dramatic verse and, at the same time, of producing the full required dramatic effect. After all, though, from one point of view, it may seem absurd that people should speak in verse, the convention has been and is almost universally accepted, and in effect produces no greater absurdity than is caused by some other common and necessary conventions. Some players have defective ears and cannot be taught to pronounce verse properly, therefore should refrain from the attempt; others have never been taught, but are capable of learning, and consequently ought to go to school or avoid plays written in verse. Of course, there is verse and verse: some has no music worth troubling about and may well be left unacted; on the other hand, real dramatic verse intended for the stage is written for the production of a specific effect, and it is simple arrogance on the part of an actor to assert a superiority to the author and aim at an effect not intended by him without regard to his desires.

The Savoy is giving the unkindest cut of all to our drama. The native playwright has suffered from many kinds of "dumping," but competition in the shape of stage-versions of opera libretti seemed out of the range of consideration. If there is to be a series, I hope "Il Trovatore" will be chosen. I have heard and seen it in Italian, in English (of sorts), in French, German, and Dutch, and also in polyglot style, with three or more of those tongues mixed. Yet the plot still baffles me. I hope, however, it will be given without the music. "Pagliacci," which, with "Cavalleria Rusticana," forms the bill, plays better than the latter, without, however, playing very well, for mutual concessions are made by the book and the music—a good deal of Leoncavallo is given—with somewhat destructive effect. The

play occasionally pauses for the orchestra, and hangs fire. Still, the gloomy, tragic story is effective, and has a thrill or two in it, thanks to Mr. Charles Warner. That he suggested Canio, the Italian strolling player, may not be contended: he is almost curiously English in style, but there is a terrible earnestness about him. His peculiar technique, despite obvious artifices, his real sense of stage-effect, his intense feeling and utter abandonment of restraint, enable him to give a painful but really impressive performance as the outraged and revengeful husband. Mr. Gilbert Hare's Tonio appeared a little tame by comparison, but is really clever, and Mr. Robertshaw's Silvio had an ingeniously contrived fatuous air. Mrs. Brown-Potter, in the part of Nedda, seemed to me to act more cleverly than usual, yet could not stand up against the powerful work of Mr. Warner, and was somewhat insignificant. A really excellent orchestra has been engaged and is ably conducted by Mr. Raymond Roze, and the play is well mounted. It is rather remarkable that one programme should include two works of some length, both with tragic endings, and handling little village tragedies which, without the full aid of music, seem sordid and quite untouched by any note of poetic passion. The rage, we know, is for happy endings; I wonder whether such a programme will have a happy ending.

It may seem a little rash to revive "Charley's Aunt" so soon after its amazing—may I say, inexplicable?—run. To deny that it is a very laughable farce would be a misuse of language. Yet, is there anyone left who has not seen it, and are there many who desire more than one taste of its superficial humours? I admit two visits before the present production at the Comedy. They include the actual first-night at the Royalty, when, though the critics thought that it was a capital farce, no one expected it would beat "Our Boys," a play now as dead as Adam, but certainly far cleverer than the piece that robbed it of "the

record." It is such a long time since we saw Mr. Penley in the name-character that comparisons between his work and that of Mr. Stanley Cooke would be unfair; certainly the latter plays the part very well and earns abundant laughter.

Apparently, although "Merely Mary Ann" has reached its hundredth night triumphantly, it is to be withdrawn on account of Miss Robson's engagements. This seems a great pity, since such a clever and agreeable work deserves a far longer run. Miss Robson is a charming actress of real talent who plays the part admirably, though in that last Act concerning which few seem enthusiastic her work shows a falling off. Still, it may be suggested, with all respect to those who assert that we are ill-provided with competent players, that our little country possesses some actresses not at present in engagement who could play what is really a "fat" character-part of no great difficulty quite well enough to do full justice to Mr. Zangwill's work. Of course, I should like to mention names, but to do so would be indiscreet. There are times when the critics long to make suggestions as to players for particular parts, but the managements would be wise and reasonable if they were to resent a form of interference that might lead to abuse. Still, one may assert with confidence that there are many actresses out of engagement, or, at the best, only getting what may be called "odd jobs," who are quite competent to play a part such as that of Mary Ann; it may be difficult, enormously difficult perhaps, to represent it as finely as Miss Robson, but there is no need to disparage Mr. Zangwill's clever comedy by pretending that it requires amazing acting. There is no great value in any drama that for success demands extraordinary acting, and it may be added that little service is rendered to the stage by players of genius; indeed, probably the theatre would be in a far healthier state and we should be richer in the quality of our plays if there were fewer actors and actresses of pre-eminence: genius in the virtuoso is a very dangerous thing.



MRS. LEWIS WALLER: THE LATEST PORTRAIT.

Taken by Lafayette, Bond Street, W.

A NEW STUDY OF MRS. BROWN-POTTER,



WHO PRODUCED A DRAMATIC VERSION OF "PAGLIACCI" AT THE SAVOY
ON TUESDAY OF LAST WEEK.

Photograph by Johnston and Hoffmann.

THE REAL "CARMEN": MEMORIES OF SEVILLE'S FABRICA DE TABACOS.

I CAME upon it quite suddenly one day, after a lazy saunter along the banks of the Guadalquivir. Turning from the quay into the Paseo de Christina, I strolled idly through the Gardens of the Alcazar, and saw, fronting them across the Calle de San Fernando, a huge building in a large, bare courtyard. Afternoon was bringing the long, heat-stricken day to a close, and loafers, military and civilian, were collected by the outer gates. Among the latter was a very tattered beggar, who seemed to be waiting in vain for a Goya to immortalise him. He appealed to me in the name of "Our Lady of Sorrows," and I gave him a *real* in mitigation of his woes. Then he told me that the great building was the Fabrica de Tabacos, and I was stirred so deeply to thoughts of Prosper Merimée and Bizet that I made my votive offering up to half-a-peseta. "Vaya con dios," said he, and hobbled away quite happy.

Eheu, fugaces! That is nearly ten years ago. Doubtless the beggar is with the saints, and the most of the pretty girls who streamed out of the factory are middle-aged and respectable now—you age so fast in Spain. Since then I have been many times to the factory, but it does not strike me with the sudden sense of joy that came on the June afternoon when I had not learned the truth of the old, wise Eastern proverb that says "To-morrow is also a day." Now I like to think that the Sevillanas are not so beautiful as they were in the summer of '95, though I know that, in truth, my critical faculty has suffered more change than their looks. To the early twenties every goose is a swan.

But, after all, the great factory is a wonderful place, the cigarreras are among the most fascinating women of Spain, and their work is done in fashion so truly Spanish that the huge annual output is surprising, even when we remember that four or five thousand people are engaged there. When I go to the opera and see "Carmen," I am reminded of Seville, not by the stage tobacco-factory, which is never like the real thing, nor by the houris of uncertain age and doubtful charm who make up the crowd of cigarreras; perhaps rather by the glimpse of the Giralda Tower and the quasi-Spanish dresses, and, most of all, by the music that, if it is played with comparatively little of the rhythm we associate with the country, has a great deal of the high spirits and the sunshine.

I have known Carmen very well. Sometimes she has been called Anita or Mercedes, Lola or Dolores; once she came as near as Carmencita, but she has never varied very greatly. A daughter of the sun and the soil, hasty in temper, variable in mood as an April day in England, careless, indifferent, and, withal, kind-hearted, save where bulls and horses are concerned, Carmen, as I have known her, makes the very best of life with accessories that would be the despair of her more fortunate sisters. In the factory itself she is nearly always sober, steadfast, and demure. As she passes along the cool stone corridors on her way to the room where her work lies, she finds time to bend before the tinselled image of the Virgin that is to be found outside the door, and sometimes she places a few flowers before the little shrine. In the long rooms where the girls work, finery is laid aside, the mantilla is folded carefully, flowers are taken out of the hair and placed in a bowl or saucer with water. There is comparatively little conversation. Outside, the posters announcing the next bull-fight are shining in the sun, and before the cigarreras may hope to enjoy the *corrida* they must accomplish their set task. It is all piecework; they can come and go as they please within certain limits, but they are really industrious. Naturally the factory's discipline suffers from the incursion of tourists, and at seasons like the *Semana Santa* the cigarreras reap a rich harvest from strangers whose habitat lies across the Atlantic.

The elder women are not too shy. They appeal volubly for gifts, sometimes in the name of the little children lying in the cradles at their feet, for I should say that the Sevillana who has nobody to look

after her baby brings baby and cradle into the factory. Nobody seems to mind. With the end of the "hours of fire" the work is laid aside and the cigarrera remembers her personal appearance. Little glasses are consulted carefully, all the dust of tobacco and snuff is brushed away, flowers are taken from their resting-place and returned carefully to the hair, all who boast mantillas resume them, and one kind friend gives the finishing touches to the costume of another. Then, with the record of a day well spent and a few pence earned, the girls troop down the stone staircases into the big courtyard, and thence to the gates where the tribes of men are assembled.

The elderly women and a very small percentage of the others go off, looking neither to the right nor to the left; for the great majority of the younger girls somebody is waiting. Throughout the evening the cigarrera is very much in evidence, from the Alameda of Hercules to the Gardens of the Alcazar, in the cafés of the Sierpes and Genova, and on the riverside road that leads countrywards

from the Torre del Oro. She walks with an air, her clothes fit her admirably, she smokes with distinction, laughs with discretion, and carries some son of Spain captive for all the world as Carmen held Don José. Her accomplishments include singing, with a voice often pretty and never trained; she can play the guitar and dance like a "wave o' the sea."

Perhaps she is at her brightest and best when she goes on Sunday afternoons to the Plaza de Toros. A Ministerial decree has stopped Sunday bull-fighting now, but the change is only a month or two old.

I recall her as I have seen her in the days when Espartero, Guerrita, and "Don Luis" Mazzantini were the real heroes of Spain. She was content to sit on the sunny side, where the seats are highest and the prices lowest, where you must wait a couple of hours, perhaps with no better shelter than a fan and no other refreshment than an orange. And how she was used to revel in the bloody sights that the arena sees! Sometimes I think that the weakest part of "Carmen," the opera, is the heroine's absence from the ring. Friendship with the leading matador would have secured her a

reserved seat in the shade, but she would have been in her place before the President—or she was no daughter of Spain and the Fabrica de Tabacos.

WANDERER.



A CIGARRERA IN GALA-DRESS.

CUPID AT CHRISTMAS.

At Christmas-time Dan Cupid plays
The cantrips that all lovers know;
He sets the coldest heart ablaze
To watch where careless Beauty strays
Beneath the magic mistletoe.
He turns the baldest prose to rhyme
At Christmas-time.

Old maids forget their days that lie
Between their autumn and their spring;
The moth becomes a butterfly,
Powdered with silver, bright of dye,
And gaily wilful on the wing—
For seriousness is like a crime
At Christmas-time.

Old bachelors, that will not see
Their April's lusty green again,
Wag frosty head, bend gouty knee,
Because the frolic deity
Has made the blood through every vein
Prance with remembrance of their prime
At Christmas-time.

Young maids stand out upon the floor,
And old wives gossip by the fire,
While this skilled Archer, as of yore,
Sends forth his arrows by the score,
All winged and pointed with desire.
Who will may creep, who will may climb;
Love misses few at Christmas-time.

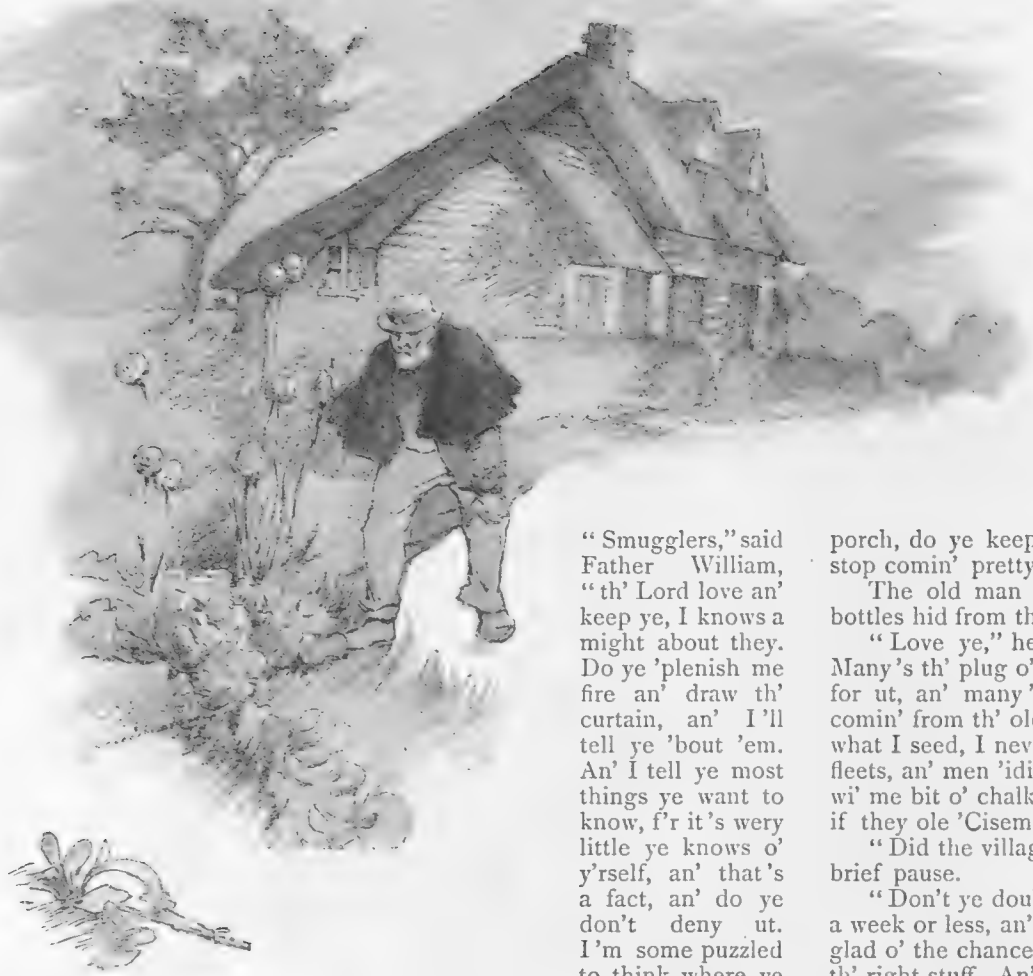
NORA CHESON.

THE REAL "CARMEN": SOME CHARMING STUDIES OF THE "SEVILLANA."



SMUGGLERS.

By S. L. BENSUSAN.



"Smugglers," said Father William, "th' Lord love an' keep ye, I knows a might about they. Do ye 'plenish me fire an' draw th' curtain, an' I'll tell ye 'bout 'em. An' I tell ye most things ye want to know, f'r it's wery little ye knows o' y'rself, an' that's a fact, an' do ye don't deny ut. I'm some puzzled to think where ye was brought up,

an' why ye comes down 'ere that irreg'lar, an' so is th' shepherd. An' 'e sez it ain't f'r no good; but there, ye needn't take no count of 'e. Since 'e were fined, 'e's shrunk, an' nobody 'eeds 'im 'cept it's 'is sheepses.

"When I were a boy," continued the veteran, "th' river were full on 'em. Come across th' water from 'Olland, what's out that way, I'm told. Come wi' rum, an' gin, an' bacca, an' lice, same what wimmen wear in Lunnon. Lord, I weren't on th' mush wi' me sheepses f'r nothin'. There's many things I seed, bein' wery 'eedful.

"Do ye look in that ole corner," Father William went on, imperatively, and, holding the lamp over it, I saw a small collection of square black bottles, very dusty and unattractive:

"Times past," remarked the old man, in tones of joyous reminiscence, "they was full o' gin, an' very good gin, too. An' there's more upstairs in me room, an' ye shan't see they, f'r nobody ain't never. Lord, it's many a cargo I've seed run up th' river, an' when I were a young man 'tweren't 'Cisemen, nor Reveny cutters neither, what could stop they. The boats used to come up wi' th' tide an' drop th' stuff wi' floats an' sinkers, an' then out they'd go agen, an' if chance times they met a Reveny cutter they was jest 'ard-workin' fisher-folk what 'adn't never done no 'arm to nobody. An' then th' little boats 'd put out o' 'ere an' bring th' stuff ashore, an' bury some on it, an' take th' rest inland wery slow like an' careful. Lord, I've know'd th' 'Cisemen to come a-gallopin' down th' road and a score o' bar'ls under th' 'edge in sight o' they, if it 'adn't been so dark, th' fools."

"You seem to have been rather friendly with the smugglers," I hazarded, when the man of many years had been silent for a few moments and seemed to be in danger of going off to sleep. The hint roused and made him angry.

"Don't keep interruptin'," he said, irritably. "Wait till it's y'r turn f'r to speak, an' I'll 'ear ye. I ain't no smuggler, an' never was, an', contrairwise, I weren't never set f'r to watch f'r they. My dooty lay wi' sheepses, an' all th' world knows I did ut well. If I'd been brought up to 'sist th' 'Cisemen, I'd ha' done ut, an' wery rightly so. But I never.

"I 'member I were on th' mush wery early one mornin'," he continued, rather mysteriously, in the tone usually kept to describe the ill deeds of his neighbours, "'avin' 'ad some ewes a-lambin' in th' upper meddies, an' two gre't big men come outen th' ditch wery sudden like, an' me without me ole crook-stick.

"What ha' ye seed?" sez one on 'em, wery fierce.

"Me sheepses," I answered 'im, strite.

"An' what do ye see when ye comes out early or late?" asts th' t'other.

"Me sheepses," I sez, 'an' chance times a 'Ciseman what wants to know things what don't concern me. An' I tell 'im I sarve Master George what's th' Squire, an' nobody else, not 'Cisemen or King or Queen or Pope, or th' Mayor o' Market Waldron 'isself, neither.'

"Do ye smoke?" sez one on 'em, not quite so fierce.

"Chance times," I tells him, 'when I 'as th' bacca.'

"An' a glass?" sez th' t'other.

"O' Saturday nights," I answered 'im, bein' truthful; 'an' I've earned it better nor most what 'as wery many more glasses nor me.'

"Then th' first 'un sez to me, 'Do ye don't never see nought save sheepses an' 'Cisemen,' he sez. 'An' if so be ye sees many o' they in th' village or nigh th' mush, do ye mark yon lone elm wi' this bit o' chalk. An' when ye finds anythin' in y'r

porch, do ye keep it to y'rself an' don't go a-talkin' to folk, or it'll stop comin' pretty sharp like.'"

The old man looked affectionately at the corner where the empty bottles hid from the light, and sighed with very genuine regret.

"Love ye," he said, wearily; "I'm some sorry they've all went. Many's th' plug o' good bacca I've found in me garden, in a 'ole I dug for ut, an' many's th' black bottle, an' they was wery comfortin', comin' from th' old mush where it was wet, an' cold, an' freezin'. An' what I seed, I never seed, flashlights o' nights, an' bar'ls lyin' in th' fleets, an' men 'idin'. But I seed 'Cisemen wunnerful quick, an' I ups wi' me bit o' chalk an' marks th' lone elm wery careful. An' blame me if they ole 'Cisemen didn't swear cruel, right in front o' me at times."

"Did the villagers like the smugglers?" I ventured to ask, after a brief pause.

"Don't ye doubt ut," replied the old man. "If ye'd got ten shillin' a week or less, an' 'ad a family t' bring up out on it, ye'd be wunnerful glad o' the chance f'r to get a bit o' bacca, an' chance times a bottle o' th' right stuff. An' ye wouldn't go pryin' out what never concerned ye, neither. There was men in th' village what made—but there, it ain't nothin' to do wi' ye, an' I ain't a-goin' to tell. But they was some wexed when it broke up, an' so was I, an' it's th' truth, like everything I tells ye."

"Broken up, is it?" I said, sympathetically.

"This many year," said Father William, sadly. "They've broke ut up wi' Coastguardses, an' p'licemen what lives on th' river, an' 'spectors an' sichlike. An' th' men what did ut is dead, an' they schools ha' spoilt th' young 'uns. A man don't b'long to 'isself no more, an' th' business is dead, like them what did ut. Them what should ha' been runnin' bacca an' gin like their fathers before 'em, an' bringin' somethin' chance times to a pore ole man what giv' their fathers good advice, they're fishin' f'r dabs, or shootin' on the seawall, or down at the Wheatsheaf drinkin' what ain't 'arf so good an' costs 'em most four times as much. An' I ain't no patience wi' they. An' I don't take no count o' fish an' never did, an' they buds is some 'ard to pluck, for me fingers is wery stiff an' I keeps all on a-breakin' o' th' skin. But I've me ole corkscrew, and do ye look at ut starin' at ye f'r th' wall, an' no work f'r the pore thing to do these times.

"There's times," continued Father William, "when I goes out into me garden an' looks out o'er th' river, an' well I sees ut, not bein' like them what shuts theirselves be'ind 'edges. An' the wind's right and the tide's right, an' I count th' place they calls 'Olland ain't been shifted. If there was 'alf th' pluck there used to be in Maychester when I were a lad, love ye, they'd be out wi' th' boats, an' ye'd see some o' they big-sailed luggers a-turnin' in fr' the main, an' all th' stuff o'erboard down be Cripples Creek, an' th' lights a-shinin' an' th' 'orses a-gallopin', an' folk lookin' out o' the winders, though they dussn't never show no lights, an' then to-morrow mornin' I'd find me bit o' bacca an' me black bottle waitin' f'r me. Ah, they was a fine set o' men, an' we shan't see th' likes o' they in these parts agen! They didn't goo after ducks an' dabs, like th' fools they've left be'ind 'em. All dead they are an' gone, an' I'll be goin' soon, an' no mistake, bein' wery, wery old an' tired like."

"Cheer up, Father William," I said, rashly; "you'll meet them in heaven."

The veteran started as though a wasp had stung him.

"Tain't likely," he snapped, "an' don't ye 'spect ut! 'Eaven ain't f'r them smugglin' folk what breaks th' law 'most every week. It's f'r them what does their dooty, an' I've allus done mine, an' ye can't say no. I don't count to see none o' th' folk 'bout 'ere in 'eaven," he added, very fiercely, with his bright little eyes bent upon me, "an' none o' me neighbours neither."

I am Father William's only neighbour.

A CLEVER COUNTRY STUDY BY FRANK REYNOLDS, R.I.



"JOHNNY FORTNIGHT," THE DEVONSHIRE TRAMPING PEDLAR.

LONDON'S NEW PLEASURE-HOUSE :

A BRIEF DESCRIPTION OF THE COLISEUM, TO BE OPENED TO THE PUBLIC ON MONDAY NEXT.

UNIQUE! That word, so often misused, is the only one to be applied to the magnificent building in St. Martin's Lane which is gradually being relieved of its swaddling clothes of scaffolding and timber, to reveal its grace of outline and its massiveness of structure to the admiration of the passer-by.

Within, on the other side of the heavy oak-and-glass doors,



MR. MARSHALL MOORE, THE STAGE-MANAGER, CONTROLLING THE REVOLVING "TABLES" OF WHICH THE VAST STAGE IS COMPOSED.

hundreds of workmen are still engaged working in shifts, night and day, in order that the performances may begin on the 19th inst. There will be four every day. The first will begin at twelve and continue till two, the second will occupy the time from three till five, the third from six till eight, and the fourth from nine till eleven. Each programme will thus be limited to two hours, but, instead of all being alike, two alternate ones will be given every day, the first and third and the second and fourth duplicating each other.

For the further comfort of the audience, there are waiting-rooms, with the free use of telephones and shorthand-typists, as well as a fine restaurant where a band will play between the "shows."

In an age of luxury such as ours, it is necessary that every sense must be appealed to. Even the most difficult to please will have to admit that this has been done in a remarkable way. The eye is at once arrested by the way in which marbles of various colours are used to produce a richness of effect unsurpassed in any other public building that may be named. To say that, in this respect, the Coliseum will please so great a painter as Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema is to pay Messrs. Henry J. Whitehead and Sons, who are responsible for the marble-work, the greatest compliment they can possibly desire. Sir Lawrence has over and over again asserted that the use he makes of marble in his pictures is to obtain the play of light which is to be obtained by no other means. When lighted up by thousands of electric-lamps, the walls, pillars, panels, and pilasters will appeal to the eye in much the same way as a beautifully toned metal bell appeals to the ear.

The interior of the auditorium is of cream-coloured alabaster decorated with gold, the richness of effect being heightened by scarlet seats and scarlet

carpets, of which latter there are altogether five miles, while the proscenium framing the eighty-feet-deep stage is composed of highly polished, brown-veined alabaster.

The whole of the floor is occupied by stalls, which are to be sold at four shillings each. Around the stalls is a tier of boxes, each seating four people at an expenditure of a guinea. In the centre of this tier is the Royal Box. Attached to it is a lounge running on rails. As soon as the occupants arrive, they enter the lounge, and it at once takes them to the door of the box, to which it acts as a retiring-room during the rest of the evening. Above the boxes are the Royal Stalls, as they are called. The seats in the front rows cost three shillings, and those in the back rows two shillings each. This circle is surmounted by the first tier, with the seats at a shilling each, as that, in its turn, is overtopped by the balcony, admission to which is obtained for sixpence. For this insignificant sum, not only may the places be booked beforehand, but the seats are all arm-chairs upholstered in velvet, a consideration which, it is hardly necessary to say, has never hitherto been bestowed on the occupants of what is to all intents and purposes the gallery.

On each side of the proscenium, within the auditorium itself, are magnificent boxes designed for the use of the choruses whose mission it will be to describe in song everything which happens on the stage. The ladies will be dressed in a sort of Marie Antoinette costume, while the men and boys will be in cream-coloured coats, with knee-breeches. As they sing, lights of various colours will be thrown on them, thus converting what may be regarded as their utilitarian function into part of the decorative scheme.

The stage itself differs from every other stage in the world and is seventy-five feet across. It is composed of three concentric rings, or stages, the two outer ones being each twelve feet across and the middle circle twenty-five feet seven inches in diameter. These rings can run as separate pieces in either direction, as each has its own set of motors, or they can be locked together for combined effects or when they have to carry heavy loads. Fourteen electric-motors are used for this purpose, the current running, if necessary, up to nine thousand horse-power, and being capable of giving the massive stage, which, with its tramways, weighs a hundred and sixty tons, a speed of twenty miles an hour without causing the least vibration. These fourteen electric-motors, however, are less than half those used, for there will be thirty all told, requiring, altogether, the use of twenty miles of cable within the area of the single acre covered by the building.

With all these miles of electric-wire running through it, the Coliseum will, nevertheless, be one of the safest theatres in the world, as it is wholly fireproof and the electric cables are encased in porcelain conduits.

While the musical or variety part of the entertainment will have special attention devoted to it, it is also the intention of the management to present spectacles on a scale which cannot be competed with elsewhere. For the opening programme, one great sensational effect will represent the storming of Port Arthur, while the other will show the Derby from start to finish, for which purpose a panorama of great size has been painted. If it is difficult to avoid writing in superlatives in connection with the new Coliseum, it must be remembered that it lends itself to such treatment, suggesting in certain of its decorations that older Coliseum which the ancient world regarded as the greatest place of entertainment of its time.



THE PROPERTY-MASTER (MR. WARWICK BUCKLAND) INSPECTING ONE OF THE LARGE GUNS TO BE USED IN THE MILITARY SPECTACLE.

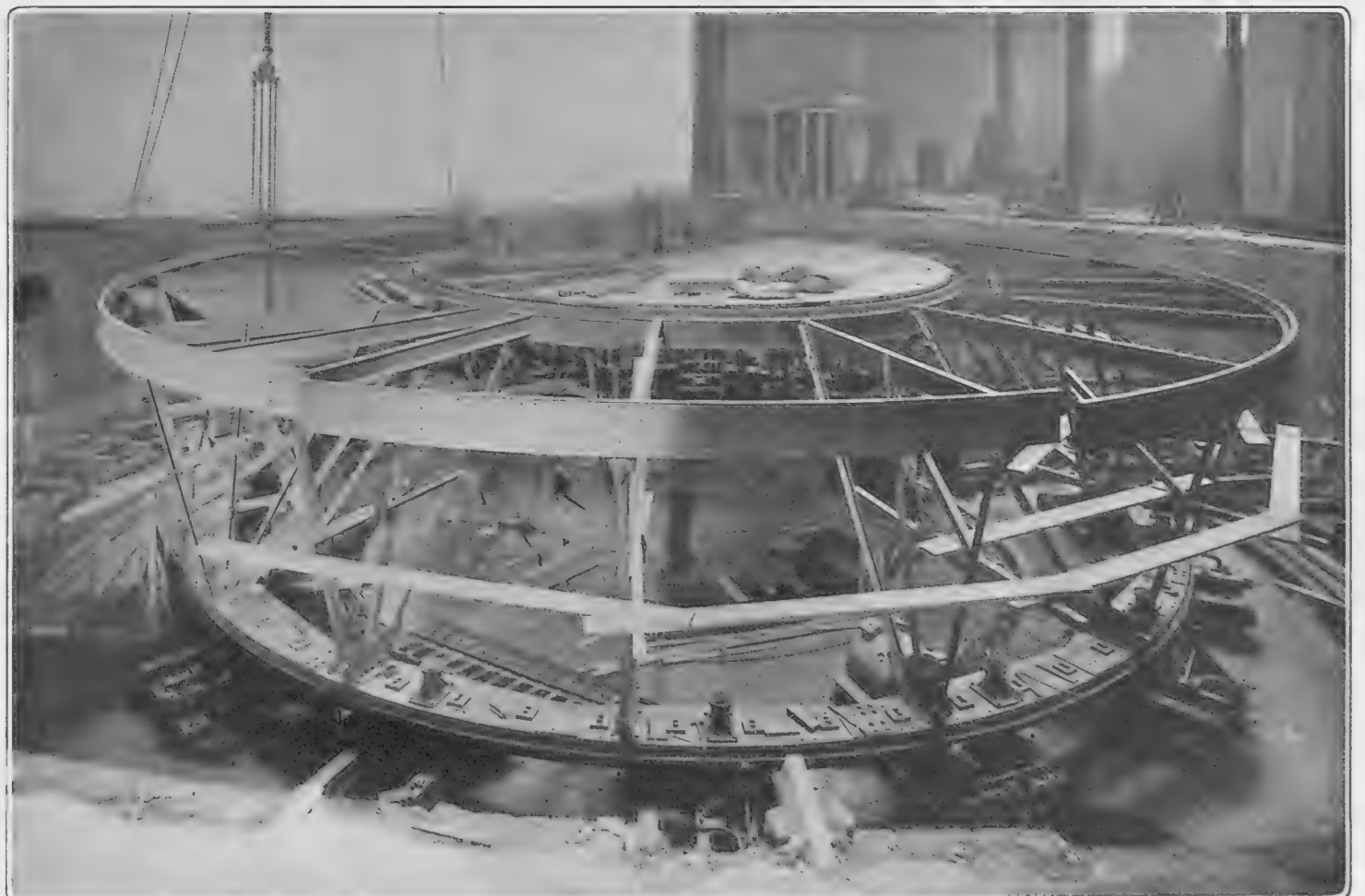
Photographs by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.

LONDON'S NEW PLEASURE-HOUSE: OPENING OF THE COLISEUM.



MISS MADGE LESSING TRYING OVER ONE OF HER NEW SONGS. MR. WALTER SLAUGHTIER, THE MUSICAL DIRECTOR, IS AT THE PIANO, AND MR. MARSHALL MOORE AT THE SIDE.

Photograph by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.



THE FRAMEWORK OF ONE OF THE REVOLVING TABLES, SPECIALLY DESIGNED IN ORDER THAT REAL HORSE-RACES MAY TAKE PLACE IN FULL VIEW OF THE AUDIENCE FROM START TO FINISH.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

NOW that Christmas is at hand, it is possible to estimate roughly the results of the publishing season. The general report is that, while business is good in the provinces, it is somewhat disappointing in London. In Scotland it is fairly satisfactory, and in Ireland there is a distinct improvement. I should say that the main feature of the season is the increased popularity of good fiction.

An author writes complaining of the unsatisfactory manner in which book advertisements are printed. He cannot find advertisements of books at once striking and speaking. He would have books advertised as soap is, as pills are—with go, and ingenuity, and persuasiveness. In proof of these statements he refers to his own case. He published a book on which the sum spent for advertising was £15, which, under the publisher's direction, procured some forty insertions in various periodicals of small advertisements. He estimates that, of the £15, £14.5s. was wasted, and suggests that if the £15 had been concentrated in ten distinct, alertly written advertisements, carefully placed, the result would have been much better. I venture to say that publishers' advertisements are now, as a rule, far more telling and effective than they used to be. But, under any circumstances, little can be done with £15 in first-class papers. If books sold as soap sells or as pills sell, it would be different, but there are not ten books published in a year with circulations exceeding twenty-five thousand copies. Under the circumstances, the publishers seem to me to do their part well. The most experienced are the most doubtful as to the real effect of advertisements, and yet all are agreed that advertisements are an absolute necessity and that economy upon this side is simply fatal to business.

Some interesting statistics about the book trade in Belgium have been published. Belgium bought from the foreigner in 1903 books and periodicals to the value of nearly twenty-two million francs. About one-half of this sum went to France. Exceedingly little was bought from England, but British printed imports from Belgium are valued at over 740,000 francs.

Mr. Max Pemberton is writing a new story which will appear in the *Strand Magazine* both in this country and in America. It will deal with the career of Lafayette. Mr. Pemberton has also written a new series of stories on the Siege of Paris which will be published in the *London Magazine*.

Mr. C. F. Keary, who has a pretty gift of his own, has contributed an article on style to the *Independent Review*. While he admires Stevenson, he thinks that he has been too much held up as a model to the ingenuous youth in letters. According to Mr. Keary, there is about Stevenson a certain egoism and levity, or, as one may say, childishness, perhaps derived from the French. The heart of the

mystery of style is the knowing how to be individual and natural at once. This seems a very happy approximation to the truth. Mr. Keary sums up: "That style alone is of the best which is, in the first place, unobtrusive; in the second, which does in the long run convey the impression of individuality; in the third place, of an individuality high above the commonplace." Mr. Keary goes on to say, "Macaulay never achieved his third stage." Has Mr. Keary come across many Macaulays?

Nothing is harder than to trace the sequence of events in recent history. Mr. Masterman, in a clever article published in the

Contemporary, makes an attempt on the literary side. According to him, the literature of the closing days of the Victorian Era was Imperial, and the new spirit of the reaction gathered itself especially from two men, each possessing more than a touch of genius—Mr. W. E. Henley and Mr. Rudyard Kipling. These had their day. Mr. Watson fought the battle with Mr. Kipling, while Mr. Yeats sounded the note of sadness and appeal. Another figure who has hardly come to his own was Mr. H. W. Nevenson. Now there is a younger group of writers with a new note of buoyancy and conviction, of whom two of the most vigorous are Mr. Hilaire Belloc and Mr. Gilbert Chesterton. Of these, sympathetic sketches are given, and we are asked to believe that the spirit of the coming time in literature will be national and universally benevolent. In spite of Mr. Masterman's ingenuity, some will think that literature has got very little to do with Imperialism or Nationalism, and pursues its calm way largely indifferent to both. I am speaking of the literature that endures.

Mrs. Rebecca Harding Davis tells a good story of Bronson Alcott, the American mystic, who talked a great deal in the course of his life and did little besides.

She asked Alcott one day what he would do when he came to the Gate and St. Peter demanded his ticket. "What have you to say to justify your right to live?" she said. "Where is your book or picture? You have done nothing in the world." "No," replied Alcott; "but somewhere on a hill up there will be Plato and Paul and Socrates talking, and they will say, 'Send Alcott over here; we want him with us.'"

As there have been conflicting statements about Mr. Henry James's forthcoming book on America Revisited, I may as well state that the volume is partly written, though it will not be completed for some time. Mr. James has decided to prolong his visit to the States, and will not return till the late spring next year. Up to the present, Mr. James has declined to be entertained at a public banquet in New York. An appreciation of the novelist has been written by Mr. Joseph Conrad for the *North American Review*.

O. O.



THE COCKNEY AT THE AQUARIUM.

"Rum sort of fish, ain't it, Bill?"

"Not 'arf! Looks ter me like Clap'm Function!"

[DRAWN BY C. HARRISON.]

FOUR NEW BOOKS.

"THE WATERS OF OBLIVION."

By ADELINE SERGEANT.
(John Long. 6s.)



THE LATE ADELINE SERGEANT.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

with all Miss Sergeant's old skill of construction and orderly development, and the characters are drawn with strong feeling and sympathy. Altogether, it is a thoroughly good and readable story.

"HURRICANE ISLAND."

By H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON.
(Isbister. 6s.)

This is the time of year when kind-hearted uncles begin to wonder what on earth they can give their expectant young nephews for a Christmas present. The rascals already possess everything, from a pocket-knife to a cricket-bat, that they can possibly require. Truly, the problem grows more difficult every year. This year, however, we are able to assist these uncles in distress. Let them give their young nephews a copy of Marriott Watson's new novel of adventure, entitled "Hurricane Island." The gift, we feel sure, will be highly gratifying to the boys, and the uncles will find, perhaps to their satisfaction, that the house in which they happen to be spending Christmas is far more peaceful than it has ever been on previous visits.

"Hurricane Island" tells a tale of adventure by sea. A young doctor, wearying of his practice in the East-End of London, gets a berth as ship's doctor on a private steam-yacht. The yacht is owned, nominally, by a Mr. Morland, a rich and eccentric Englishman. There are two ladies on board—Miss Morland, sister of the owner, and Mdlle. Châteray. The doctor, however, soon discovers that Mr. Morland is, in reality, Prince Frederic of Hochburg; that Miss Morland is Princess Alix, and that Mdlle. Châteray is Yvonne Trebizond, a well-known Parisian singer. He finds out, moreover, that the Prince is infatuated with the singer, and has renounced his throne in order to marry Yvonne Trebizond. Finally, the doctor learns that the greater part of the Prince's private fortune is on board the yacht in the shape of notes and jewels.

That is not the end, though, of his discoveries. It turns out that Holgate, the third officer of the ship, has laid a deep plot to get possession of the treasure. The most important of his fellow-conspirators is Pye, a confidential clerk to the firm of lawyers who manage the business affairs of the Prince. Pye has engaged most of the crew for the voyage, so that he and Holgate confidently expect that their scheme will succeed. They have reckoned, unfortunately for themselves, without the doctor, who proves himself, through all the troubles that follow, a daring, clever, reliable leader. The excitement really begins, of course, with the outbreak of the mutineers, and from that time until the end of the book is reached we can guarantee that the average boy, or, indeed, a grown-up reader, will be loth to pay the least attention to the prosaic affairs of the world around him. Mr. Marriott Watson piles incident on incident and adventure on adventure in a breathless, bewildering manner, at the same time preserving that charm of style for which all his work is noted. The volume, by the way, is dedicated to his own son. The dedication runs thus: "To Richard Brereton Marriott Watson, my keen yet appreciative critic, who pleaded on behalf of the villains; this tale of adventure by sea is dedicated with love by its author and his."

"JULIA."

By KATHARINE TYNAN.
(Smith, Elder. 6s.)

Mrs. Tynan-Hinkson is becoming every year more firmly established in the public favour, and deservedly so, for her stories, though they must not be judged by too high a literary standard, are full of simple human feeling, touched with delicacy and refinement. In "Julia" she gives us, we suspect, more of the real Ireland than she has ventured to give in the past. "It is the Anglo-Irish who are the irreconcilables, and not the complaisant, easy-going Celt. . . . There may be a Union of Hearts between Celt and Saxon; but to the Anglo-Irishman, more especially if he calls himself Irish, the marriage will be a thing unnatural, impossible." You get this English admixture in Mary Craven, a most winning, humorously drawn picture of self-willed, warm-hearted young womanhood. Her relations with Jim Dacre, with the beneficent influence of Jim's mother in the background, are full of interest, though the two are ultimately brought together by the hackneyed device of serious and almost fatal illness. The other pair of lovers, Julia and Sir Murty O'Kavanagh, are cousins, although the girl's branch of the family have become tenant-farmers, while Sir Murty is the landlord. Julia is of that rare type of beauty which is considered ugliness by the uncultivated; yet a horrible scandal arises, and Julia's friends put her in a convent. Needless to say, she does not stay there, and all comes right in the end, but in a rather conventional way. The really memorable figure in the book is Julia's grandmother, magnificent old Mrs. O'Kavanagh, handsome as an eagle is handsome, a worker all her days, full of character, grit, family pride, and shrewd observation. The selfishness of the two pretty and spoiled daughters of Lady Grace is well contrasted with Sir Murty's faithful devotion to his old great-uncle. Indeed, the whole book is full of good character-drawing.

"A SILENT SINGER."

By CLARA MORRIS.
(Isbister. 6s.)

Here are eleven stories (of which the first in order, for no particular reason, gives its title to the volume) written by a well-known American actress. They are of quite exceptional quality and interest. Miss Morris (or Mrs. Harriott, as she is in private life) shows in this book that she can portray simple, ordinary human feeling, as well as intenser emotions of joy and sorrow. Her characters are well drawn and she has a sense of effective contrast. This is especially shown in "The Gentleman who was Going to Die," where two little children play in and about the prison of a country town in America. When the elder of the children, who is old enough to understand, cannot help showing her horror of the condemned murderer and her realisation that someone has told her of his crime, his agony is terrible and is most movingly described. Miss Morris has a delightfully humorous and tolerant appreciation of odd and eccentric character—you see this even in "Old Myra's Waiting," a story in which tears and laughter are curiously mingled. In "Dinah," on the other hand, laughter prevails over everything else. It is merely the story of a shockingly spoilt little girl and her absurd rag-doll, but Miss Morris's manner of telling it invests the whole episode with an exquisitely diverting charm.



SARATH KUMAR GHOSH, AUTHOR OF
"1001 INDIAN NIGHTS."

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FROM JOHN HASSALL'S NOTE-BOOK—ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

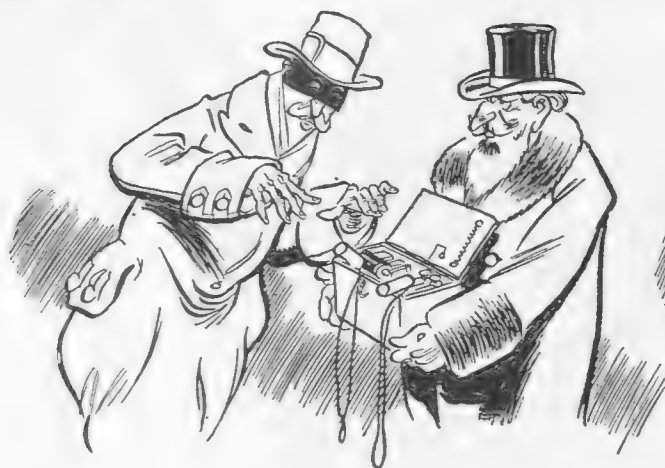


TAKING HIS MOTHER FOR A TURN ALONG THE SEA-FRONT.

FROM JOHN HASSALL'S NOTE-BOOK—PRESENT DAY.



GIVING HIS MOTHER A TURN ON THE SEA-FRONT.



GRANDFATHER'S STORY; OR, WHY HIGHWAYMAN JOE SPENT HIS CHRISTMAS IN PRISON.

DRAWN BY RENÉ BULL.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

THE WHISPER OF A SKIRT.

By DOLF WYLLARDE.

"MY Lord is out, sir," said Burgess, with slight hesitation; "but I'm expecting him in every moment."

"That's good enough for me, Burgess," said Mr. Maythorn, drily. "I will wait. Tell him the instant he does come in, please, for I am rather in a hurry."

He handed his hat and stick to the manservant and coolly preceded him along the familiar passage that he knew as well as its owner. Burgess was left with the hesitation in his manner grown to ludicrous dismay in the expression of his face. For an instant he looked as if he were going to make a dash for the well-dressed, middle-aged gentleman in front of him and forcibly detain him from entering the first door on his right. But Mr. Maythorn passed it and strolled on to the library, which he entered without seeing the pantomime of comedy behind him.

It is difficult nowadays to say when a man reaches middle-age, but the neat grey head and the lines betrayed by the clean-shaven face made it impossible to doubt Mr. Maythorn's years. It was a very wise face that he bent above his watch as he consulted it in preference to the carriage-clock on the mantelpiece, and a trifle weary. He had seen so many men and women make fools of themselves or just scrape through this sorry farce called Life with outward credit, had been the counsellor of so many rash hearts, and received so many confidences, that he had cause to be sad.

"Six-thirty—I wish Sands would be quick," he mused. "He will make me late for the Bracebridge dinner, and it is not my habit to be late. Other people may be fashionably rude and keep their host waiting, but I thank Heaven my social position is sufficiently secure to enable me to be well-bred! . . . Really, Sands stays-too late at his Club! He can't afford to play bridge all the afternoon. I hope it is bridge, by the way!" The grizzled brows knit themselves, and he turned with startled annoyance to a photograph on the mantelpiece.

"What a fool Sands is to display her photo in his flat, when he knows that Knight Heron and his wife are on the edge of a precipice! It was touch-and-go with them last night: if I had not been there that little woman would have done something desperate. She is a good girl, too, and Heron is a fool. There is nothing between her and Sands—as yet. But if her husband goes on goading her into another man's arms . . . and Sands is only human." He took the photo deliberately from the mantelpiece and tossed it into a drawer of the writing-table, where it lay among various papers, as if fallen by chance. It represented a very pretty woman with a cloud of chiffon round her shoulders and an appeal in her eyes. Not by any means a bad face, but too feminine for safety.

"I must see Sands and learn if he knows anything of last night's quarrel," said Mr. Maythorn, again consulting his watch. "Ah, at last——!"

There was the click of a key in the latch and an impatient step in the passage; then a hand on the door, and, just as it opened, Burgess's breathless voice catching his master up—

"My Lord—one moment—Mr. Maythorn is in there, but——"

"All right, Burgess," said Lord Sands, indifferently. "Don't bother me now—I'll see you later," and he entered, a tall man with a touch of discontent in the face that was too good-looking for Mr. Maythorn's peace of mind, taken in conjunction with that other face which he had hidden in the writing-table.

"Burgess is an old woman—always fussing over something!" he said. "I suppose he wants to know if he may put out a clean table-cloth in case you stay to dinner. Have you been here long, Maythorn? Hope you made yourself at home."

"About ten minutes," said Mr. Maythorn, easily. "Burgess is upset about something; he would hardly let me in."



"Burgess is a fool. He knew I should be home soon. Were you at the Clanricardes' last night?"

"No." Mr. Maythorn shook his head, turning the cigarette between his fingers thoughtfully. "I played a game of bridge at Arthur's, and dined with the Knight Herons."

Lord Sands turned rather abruptly and crossed the room, standing with his back to his guest, and, in consequence, raising his voice.

"I hoped—I thought to meet Mrs. Heron at the Clanricardes'. She was not there?"

"No. I am sorry to say that Heron lost his temper at dinner (fortunately, I was the only guest), and it upset his wife a little. He made rather a fool of himself."

"Over what?"

"A mutual friend."

There was a silence ticked out into thirty seconds by the clock before Lord Sands turned round. His face was quite under control.

"Maythorn, I give you my word of honour there is no cause—if you mean me?"

The older man nodded. "Of course, I know that. But," he added, meaningly, "a man whose own conscience is not clear will always suspect his wife's. You and I know that Heron cannot afford to throw stones, but that is no example for Mrs. Heron. A man in such a position is, believe me, just as much in hell as a woman, in his own knowledge of himself; but the world gives the woman hell outwardly as well as inwardly."

"Aimée Heron is a good woman!" said Lord Sands, fiercely.

"I know that. But what her friends wish for her is that she should remain so. What I am afraid of is that her husband's brutality will drive her into some step she can never retrieve."

"Come, Maythorn," said his host, with a constrained smile, "allow a little virtue to other men beside yourself! He would be a big scoundrel who would try and make a bad matter worse by offering to—to console Mrs. Heron for her husband's drawbacks."

"But supposing that in a moment of desperation she was the one to tempt—innocently enough, poor child! Supposing, for instance, that, after a scene like last night's, she came and threw herself on your protection: what would you do?"

Lord Sands straightened himself. He was still standing by the mantelshelf, but he no longer leaned on it. He stood up, and there was a look about his mouth that Mr. Maythorn did not like.

"Then," he said, in a low tone that carried penetratingly through the room, "I should probably place myself at her service—body and soul! I am not weak enough to tempt, but I am weak enough to be tempted. If I had such good fortune as that she should come to me——"

Mr. Maythorn glanced mechanically at a heavy *portière* which divided the library from the dining-room. Lord Sands' flat was so ingeniously contrived that most of the sitting-rooms could be thrown into each other to make double space, but they were usually screened off by the velvet curtains that now hung between them. What he had really thought of was that Burgess might be hovering in the further room—the dining-room—hoping to dash in and force his master's attention for that deferred communication of his; but in the brief pause while Lord Sands caught his breath over his own broken sentence both men heard something. It was not Burgess's footfall—no man was moving about in the further room, but there was a sound that struck them both with the shock of an alien thing in the bachelor flat, being distinctly feminine though almost intangible.

It was the whisper of a skirt.

For the space during which that rustle passed across the stillness neither man moved, and when Lord Sands shot a quick glance across the room Mr. Maythorn was still thoughtfully knocking the ash off his cigarette into the ash-tray, for he was a man of dainty habits. He raised his head a second later and looked, as if casually, at his host, seeing, but not seeming to see, the flush on his face and

the look of awakened life in his eyes. The whisper of the skirt had revealed something to both of them.

"Exactly," said Mr. Maythorn, as if Lord Sands had hardly paused. "And that is why anyone *really* her friend would wish Mrs. Heron well away from the precipice where she is at present walking." He spoke deliberately, crossing one leg over the other, and it was impossible for his impatient host to guess if he also had heard.

"Yes," Lord Sands said, absently; "oh, yes!" Then, catching himself up, he spoke in a louder, clearer tone, as if to someone further off. "I don't agree with you, though. I think in some cases a woman is right—quite right—to break rotten ties and go to the man who worships her, who sees her as his wife far more reverently than any empty legal form could make her—though, of course, that would follow later!"

"My dear fellow!" Mr. Maythorn raised his cynical brows and settled himself more comfortably in his chair, as though to thresh the subject out, though the movement of his friend on the hearth-rug was as the fret of a restive horse. "You really are talking nonsense, considering that you are a man of the world. No woman brought up in the atmosphere in which Mrs. Heron moves, for instance, is ever really satisfied and happy with the ideal exchange of the man who worships her, as you rather theatrically put it. And, by-the-by, he doesn't go on worshipping her. Sooner or later the discomfort of their position affects them both, and— Anything the matter?"

"Nothing!" said Lord Sands, hastily. "I was only going to ring for Burgess; he wanted to speak to me, I remember."

"Oh, let Burgess wait!" said Mr. Maythorn, airily. "As I was saying, the kind of connection you are trying to idealise is a ghastly thing in reality. Even if they marry later—"

"If! There is no if—unless the man is a blackguard!"

"Or the husband will not bring a divorce! Take Heron's case, for instance (personal instances are abominable, but one can't help thinking of them): he is the kind of man whose very jealousy would prevent his getting a divorce, and then think of that poor girl's position!"

There was a second pause, fuller of meaning—a silence unbroken even by the whisper of a skirt, a silence as if someone were listening. With a movement that betrayed it intolerable, Lord Sands suddenly roused and almost flung himself across the room.

"Excuse me: I really must speak to Burgess!" he said, tersely.

The instant he shut the door behind him, Mr. Maythorn was out of

his chair, calculating by instinct rather than thinking that Lord Sands would not dare to enter the further room, for fear of being heard or startling a possible occupant: he would go and find Burgess and give him instructions. . . . Mr. Maythorn was not a young man, but his movement would have been lightning-quick even for youth. With one noiseless rush he seemed to be through the curtains, confronting the woman who stood there, and meeting her stricken, white face with an imperative gesture.

"My cab is below—go, take it, and drive home at once, before your absence is discovered," he said.

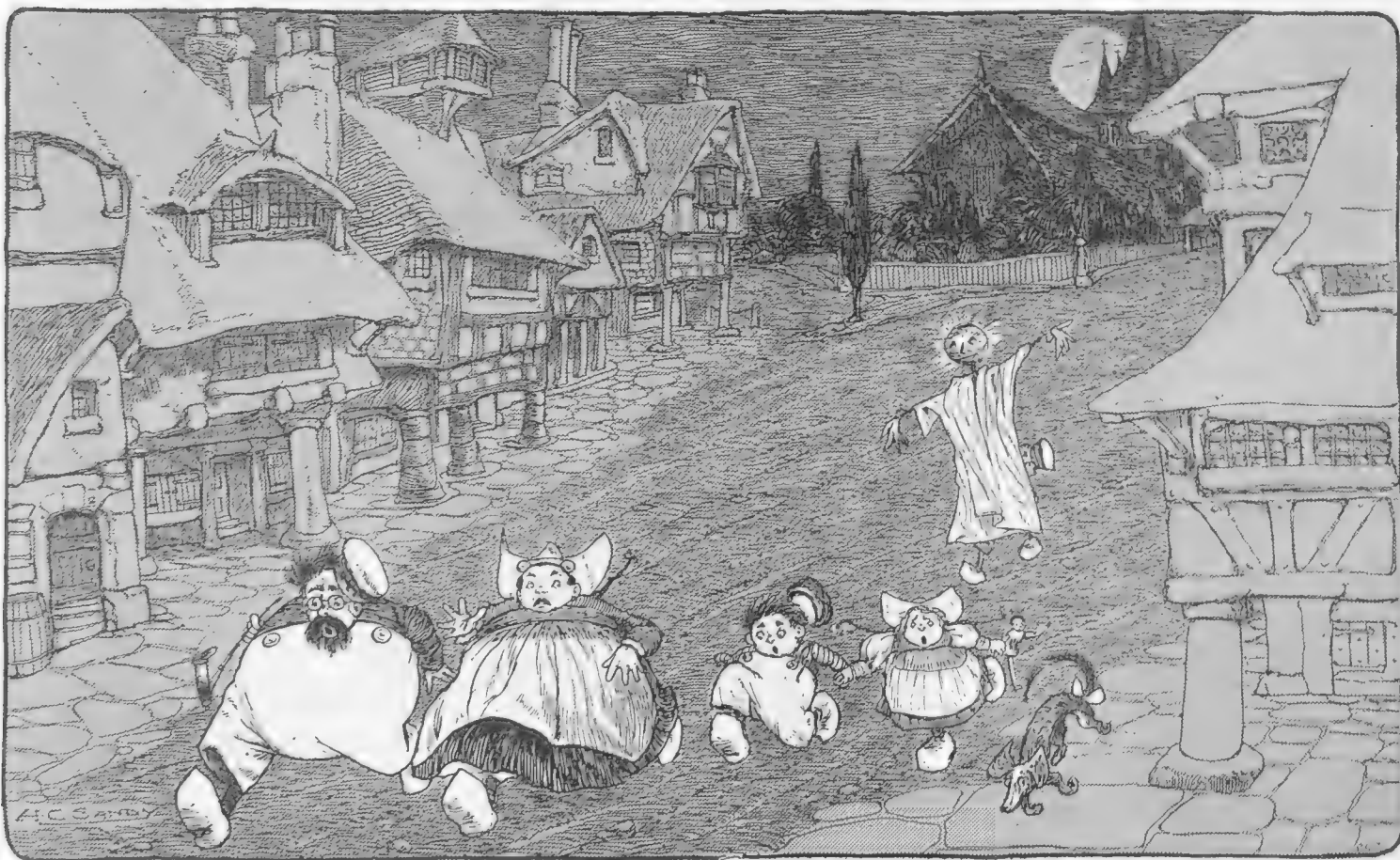
She did not seem to know where to turn, her dazed look wandering, as if hypnotised, to the curtains. He crossed the room with the same swiftness, but noiselessly, opened the door, and glanced into the passage. No, Lord Sands was not there; he had gone to give Burgess hurried orders, as his friend had guessed. With one frightened look behind her, the woman fled, her gown caught round her mechanically, to prevent any rustle, until she reached the hall-door. Then, from where he still stood in the passage, Mr. Maythorn knew that she had dropped it again, to seize the fastening of the door, for he heard its guilty rustle—the whisper of her skirt recrossing the threshold. Strange that woman, most timid of animals to be found out, should cling to the betraying herald of silk!

Mr. Maythorn walked slowly back into the library and left the door ajar. As he stood there, thinking, he heard the front-door shut, then, a few minutes later, the roll of wheels in the quiet street below—his own hansom driving away. He turned quietly to meet his host, and saw the swift suspicion in the younger man's eyes, as if instinct warned him of what had taken place.

"You really should not let Burgess tyrannise over you like this," said Mr. Maythorn, shaking his wise grey head. "What were we talking about? Ah, the Herons! Well, as I was saying, Heron would never get his divorce—but it does not matter, because his wife will never give him cause!"

The eyes of both men met. Behind Maythorn, where there had been one straight fall of velvet, the right-hand curtain had been disturbed, for, in re-falling, it did not quite meet its fellow. In the further room, of which it betrayed a section, Lord Sands knew that he should find nothing. There had been the whisper of a skirt—that was all. It was as empty now as his life. He sat down heavily by the table, and, regardless of the other man, he leaned his head upon his hands.

THE END.



[DRAWN BY H. C. SANDY.]

"MEIN GOOTNESS! DER GHOST!"



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



THERE is a striking difference between the Christmas entertainments of the West-End and those of the suburban theatres, though in artistic beauty and completeness of detail the latter approach very closely the standard set by the more fashionable houses.

In the West-End, with the single exception of Drury Lane, which will give "The White Cat," pantomime—as the term is ordinarily understood, meaning a more or less coherent dramatisation of a favourite fairy-tale—is conspicuous by its absence, though special Christmas-plays will be given at the Garrick, where Mr. Bourchier's usual programme of a play acted largely by children for children will be given, while at the Court, as already announced in *The Sketch*, "Prunella; or, Love in a Dutch Garden," will be produced on Thursday afternoon, the 22nd inst., the cast being headed by Mr. Granville Barker and Miss Thyrsa Norman; and at the Hippodrome what is characterised as "a mystical evolution in seven

An analysis shows that within the London area "Dick Whittington" is the favourite with four productions, followed by "Aladdin" at three theatres, while "Cinderella," "Sinbad the Sailor," "The Babes in the Wood," and "Red Riding-Hood" are each represented at two houses, "The Forty Thieves," "Puss in Boots," "Beauty and the Beast," and "Robinson Crusoe" being each given at one.

Mr. W. S. Gilbert may not inaptly be described as the good fairy out of his own dazzling "Realms of Rehabilitation," in view of the fact that he is announced to have undertaken to build a new theatre for Mr. Cyril Maude. In the twentieth century, however, even good fairies have to work by wit and not by witchcraft, and Shakspeare is our authority for the statement that "Wit depends on dilatory time." Instead of rubbing a lamp and ordering the slave who obeys the summons to place a magnificent theatre on the site by next morning, an architect has to draw the plans, the London County Council has to

Mr. Edward Terry. Sir Squire Bancroft.
Mr. George Alexander. The Chairman. Mr. Beerbohm Tree. Mr. W. H. Kendal.



FAREWELL DINNER TO MR. EDWARD TERRY ON HIS DEPARTURE FOR AMERICA: HELD AT THE SAVOY HOTEL ON DEC 4, HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF ABERCORN IN THE CHAIR.

Photograph by Fradelle and Young, Regent Street, W.

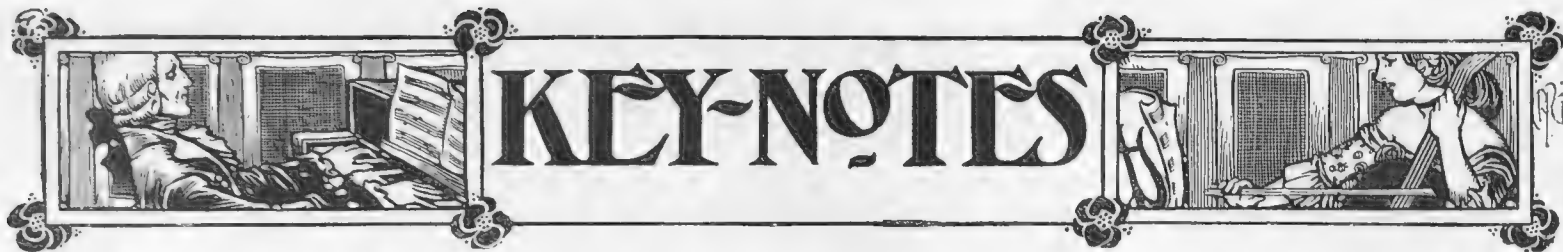
scènes," entitled "Butterflies in Fairyland," will be produced probably on or about the 23rd. This differs from all the other productions in that there will be no singing or speaking parts, and it will consist of mechanical, scenic, and lighting effects on an enormous scale, in which the fountains that have long been noted in the Hippodrome programme will be used to a greater advantage than ever.

At the suburban theatres the following are the productions: King's Theatre, Hammersmith, "Red Riding-Hood," with Miss Eva Bowman and Miss Empsie Bowman in the leading parts; Marlborough Theatre, "Aladdin," with Miss Marsden in the chief character; Alexandra, Stoke Newington, "Cinderella," in which Miss Winifred Hare will be the leading attraction; the Standard, "Dick Whittington," with Miss Gracie Taylor at the head of the Company; Borough, Stratford, "The Forty Thieves," in which Miss Claire Romaine will appear; Shakespeare, Clapham, "Dick Whittington," with Miss Louise Willis, who made such a success at Drury Lane a year or two ago, in the principal character; the Crown, Peckham, "Cinderella," with Miss Alice Lloyd in the chief part; Lyric, Hammersmith, "Sinbad the Sailor"; Grand Theatre, Croydon, "Babes in the Wood"; Woolwich Grand, "Beauty and the Beast"; Kennington Theatre, "Aladdin"; Coronet Theatre, "Little Red Riding-Hood"; Camden Theatre, "Robinson Crusoe"; Grand, Islington, "Babes in the Wood"; Elephant and Castle, "Puss in Boots"; Pavilion, "Dick Whittington"; Crouch End Opera House, "Sinbad the Sailor"; Broadway, New Cross, "Dick Whittington."

pass them, and an army of labourers has to be employed, so that a whole year will elapse before the new theatre will be ready. This theatre, as the daily papers have informed the public, will be known as "The Playhouse," a title which was not long ago suggested for another building. It need hardly be said that Miss Winifred Emery will be the leading lady of the theatre of which her husband will be the actor-manager.

The announcement that "A Wife without a Smile" had "failed to attract" the public came almost like the traditional bolt from the blue, though in the more intimate circles in which the real business being done at a given theatre is, in some inscrutable way, as well known as it is in the theatre itself it was whispered that the "business" had dropped to a very considerable extent. What will probably surprise most people unacquainted with the rapid way in which bookings go up and down is that, on the Saturday night before the announcement was made, people who were anxious to pay had actually to leave Wyndham's Theatre with their desire unsatisfied, so full was the house. The run of Mr. Pinero's play will be brought to a conclusion after the performance on Saturday.

The Prince of Wales' Theatre will, all being well, re-open its doors on Saturday evening next with Colonel Newnham-Davis and Mr. Paul Rubens' new musical play, "Lady Madcap." In this the members of Mr. George Edwardes's Company who have recently returned from Australia will be seen.



THE peculiar relations between the Vatican and the Quirinal seem to be upon the point of solution through the intermediate influence of music. One simply speak as one has heard from some influential quarters in Italy, whereby it seems that the long quarrel, stretching now towards its half-century, may be reduced to a peaceful issue. It is well known that the late Pontiff, in spite of all advice, was willing to make some sort of advance towards the late King Humbert. But everything stood in his way; I myself know a great deal about the intrigue which practically commanded the Pope to have no dealings with the Kingdom of Italy. Surely this sort of intrigue should no longer exist in a civilised land where everybody is anxious to make the world run smooth, while the world by its policy and its tactics refuses a reconciliation which should be the summit of Catholic endeavour, not only in politics, but also in the great world of music.

Writing upon the subject of music derived from rather religious sources, one naturally comes back to the old idea of the anniversary of St. Cecilia's death, that supposed musician who, through a painter's tradition, has been made the patron of all modern music. In the National Gallery there are some lovely pictures in which her silent playing (as delineated by Perugino, the master of Raphael) makes music a thing to remember as belonging to the great past even as it must belong to the immediate present. Mr. Joseph Bennett asks if it was certain "that she was ever in life a patron as to music? Some years ago," says Mr. Bennett, "the late Bishop of Worcester plainly declared that she was not." By what means the late Bishop of Worcester arrived at that remarkable deduction I have no idea. The "learned" hagiologists to which Mr. Bennett refers in his brief reference to the subject should look into the matter. But one may assure the writer of the Musical Notes in the *Daily Telegraph* that a great deal of care and trouble has been taken over this matter concerning St. Cecilia's interest in music. If anyone will take the matter in hand to read Cardinal Wiseman's "Fabiola," he will see that out of that Prelate's enormous intelligence and sympathy he has practically evolved St. Cecilia as we recognise her now in art; and why should we be put into a quandary about this matter, when even the late Pope and our own Dryden have written Odes to St. Cecilia?

Perhaps the matter is not worth much discussion, but it is certainly just worth the trouble of making a reply in a matter which must obviously belong to the experience of a man who knows these things quite apart from any merit of his own, and also quite apart from any special or learned discussion on such a question. I am quite aware that Mr. Bennett in many points of learning, and in many points of experience, can give the present writer things to remember and to treasure as a memory in his mind. It is just for that reason that I have written these words.

It is very pleasant to note that Mr. Isidore de Lara's new opera, "Le Réveil de Bouddha," shows that he has even gone beyond the labour which he assigned to "Messaline." One would not say that the tremendous situations and the tremendous tragedy of "Messaline" were not equalled by this new work, merely because de Lara is getting back to his own thoughts, to his own feelings, to his own dreams and desires. That he should for the sheer sake of conquest have taken up a subject like that of "Messaline" is (unless one talks in the most ridiculously spiritual attitude) a very natural phase in a composer who in his travels over the world wishes to be recognised as the real genius which he doubtless is.

In this new opera he seems to have combined the thoughts that lead to a more genuine popularity than he ever secured in the old days, and the thoughts which are working for futurity, for them that will say at the end of all things when art is summed up and completed: "By this road went a great artist." People do not recognise how a man may give his least to the world, as a guarantee for the world's favour, and afterwards give his best to the world as a proof of his own genius. Yet this has been exactly the case with de Lara, and to every single work, which from this time he produces, one will look forward as the production of a man who is an artist in the centre of his own temperament, and a man of the world from the origin of his desire. A curious combination truly: a combination which would probably have made Mozart's career a magnificently worldly triumph, even as was the triumph of Christopher Gluck. There one leaves the matter, with every word of encouragement to the artist who has done so much, and yet (may one say?) has cared to do so little which is not stamped with the hall-mark of greatness. COMMON CHORD.

Under the patronage of the Savage Club, Mr. Reginald Groome, the popular tenor and song-composer, will give a Grand Matinée Concert and Entertainment at the Great Queen Street Theatre (by permission of Mr. Penley) on Tuesday next. Among the many distinguished artistes who have promised their services may be mentioned Miss Perceval Allen, Miss Ethel Bevans, Mr. Barton McGuckin, Mr. Joseph O'Mara, Mr. Robb Harwood, Mr. Richard Green, Mr. Lionel Brough, Mr. Courtice Pounds, Mr. Arthur Roberts, and Mr. Maurice Farkoa, while the "King's Musketeers" (Mr. Groome among their number) will render selections from their repertoire and introduce a new operatic medley written by Mr. J. W. Ivimey. The Gainsboro Glee-singers will sing, and Mr. Sidney Gandy will give a ventriloquial sketch, and, with Miss Inglefield, an exhibition of second-sight. Altogether, an exceedingly attractive programme has been arranged.



MISS NORAH DREWETT, THE WELL-KNOWN PIANIST.

Photograph by Lafayette, Bond Street, W.



MR. REGINALD GROOME, WHO WILL GIVE A CONCERT AND ENTERTAINMENT AT THE GREAT QUEEN STREET THEATRE ON THE 20TH INST.

Photograph by Hana, Bedford Street, Strand.



MR. NOEL JOHNSON, WHO COMPOSED AND ARRANGED THE INCIDENTAL MUSIC FOR "THE TAMING OF THE SHREW."

Photograph by Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.



A Long Jaunt—Dust—Lubrication—The Paris Show—The Motor Union—Sir Oliver Lodge's Discovery.

THE trying test of four thousand miles, to which, by the initiation of Captain Deasy, the 16-20 horse-power four-cylinder Martini car has lately been subjected, has resulted most satisfactorily to all concerned. This much-travelled car—for I am informed it had been driven six thousand miles before it started on its official run on the 14th ult., so that on Wednesday last it completed a total mileage of ten thousand miles—did not, of course, go through the test-run without any stoppages or adjustments. But, with the exception of one stoppage due to an accidental side-slip, the other halts were made merely for such adjustments or replacements as any car-owner makes from time to time and thinks of no account. But when the failures of this car on its long jaunt are reviewed, the exceptionally bad weather which obtained throughout the whole test must not be lost sight of. The roads, too, were in many districts found in very bad condition, long stretches of unrolled metal being encountered not once, but several times and at considerable intervals on the same route. The value of such a trial as this, carried out as it has been under the close observation of two Club officials, is that in the report issued the cause of every stop is faithfully recorded, nothing being omitted. A pleasant feature of the test has been the splendid behaviour of the Dunlop tyres fitted, which, save for two bottle-cuts, have never failed on their own account. The drivers have spoken most enthusiastically of the way they have stood up throughout.

The dust problem does not obtrude itself upon us particularly at the present time (though, in our variable climate, it may be rising in clouds before these words are in type), which, nevertheless, is the moment at which it is well to consider the subject. The Hon. John Scott Montagu's paper read lately before the Automobile Club dealt most exhaustively with the subject and put before the members and their friends all the data that have accrued in the matter since the Club first gave it attention. Mr. Montagu has evidently come to the conclusion that the cure for the evil lies in the surfacing of the roads, and the surfacing of the roads alone. He does not appear to think that much can be done by attention to the form of the underbody of the car and the shape of its mud-guards. If this is so, I would ask him, Why is it that some cars when driven over the same dusty stretch of road at the same speed make ever so much more dust than others? That this is so cannot be denied. One has only to watch cars on a frequented road in the summer to become convinced of the fact. I regret that Mr. Montagu should have suggested this, for it may deter designers from giving this important subject attention. Much can be done to minimise the nuisance by affording as clear an under-draught as possible, and an expansion rather than a contraction of the body of air as it passes under the car.

A motor-car vendor in a large way of business is frequently asked by his customers for advice as to the best method of keeping a car running satisfactorily. His reply is always: "First, lubrication; secondly, lubrication; thirdly, lubrication"; and, within bounds, he is right. But if lubrication has to be looked after pretty closely under ordinary circumstances, a much keener eye requires to be kept upon it in the cold weather which we have enjoyed of late. Lubricants, cylinder lubricants particularly, when they are endowed, as they must be, with considerable viscous properties, feed very much slower through the usual copper pipes provided than at higher temperatures. Occasionally this gives rise to a great deal of trouble and much danger of injury to the moving parts of the mechanism. Indeed, for cylinder lubrication it is better to use a thinner oil in the winter than in the summer, for over-lubrication is always much better than no lubrication at all.

The special tendency of automobile design as exemplified at the Paris Show is the more general adoption of stamped steel frames, and the fitting, in several cases, of well-known marks of frames pressed out to form supports and protection for the engine and gear-box. The single cylinder, by which I mean the cylinder cast singly with its valve-boxes, and used singly, in pairs, trebly, or in fours or sixes, according to the power required, is rapidly taking the place of cylinders clumsily cast in pairs for multi-cylinder engines. Frames are nearly all now sufficiently elongated to permit of side-entrances to any type of body. The tonneau body, with its rear-door and attendant muddiness, may be said to have vanished. Looking at and using the now comfortable side-entrance bodies, one wonders how we put up with the older type so long. Direct drive on top-speed—that is, where the motor drives right through the clutch and gear-box to the bevel gearing on the counter-shaft of a chain-driven car, or the bevel-ring on the differential of a live-axle car—is

evident in all the best types. In some of the gears, the transmitting gears on the secondary shaft are moved out of mesh and are idle when the top-speed is in. Those who seek much originality in carburetters are likely to go empty away. The chief novelty consists of different methods of influencing and attaching additional automatic air-valves. Carburetters are now found on every hand heated by hot water or the exhaust, by the passage of either through jackets surrounding the mixing-chamber. Ball-bearings, too, are now found used everywhere but in the crank-chamber, and even there they are found in some cases, a German make of bearing being largely used.

It would appear that the Automobile Club stands in some fear of the effect that the rapidly increasing membership of the Motor Union may have upon its own roll. If the Motor Union is vigorously worked and pushed, as it should be, and by officials independent altogether of the Automobile Club, I believe that it is likely to prove a body which will entirely fill the automobilist's needs from every point of view. It ought to become to the automobilist a much greater aid and helper than ever has the Cyclists' Touring Club proved to cyclists. Indeed, the time might come when it would be possible to merge the cycling body, profiting that body by its position and energy, and profiting itself by the Touring Club's machinery and organism. Run upon proper lines, nothing should come amiss to it.

The paper read by Sir Oliver Lodge before the Society of Automobile and Cycle Engineers at the Institution of Mechanical Engineers, on the 6th inst., was most interesting and quite within the comprehension of the lay mind. Sir Oliver's remarks on combustion were illuminative to a degree, but the point of the lecture was, of course, the demonstration and explanation of his own discovery, the B-spark from charged Leyden Jars, which, it would appear, could be used with the greatest convenience in automobile motor-ignition. To those of my readers who do not know, I may say that a Leyden Jar is practically a glass pickle-jar, lined inside and outside with tin-foil up to about two and a-half inches of the mouth. Sir Oliver Lodge connects the inside tin-foil linings of the two jars together by a wire with a spark-gap, and the outside tin-foil lining with another wire and another spark-gap. The Leyden Jars are then charged with electricity until they discharge, and two currents pass, one the A current and the other the B. The A current is very powerful, and a terrible shock would be felt if it passed through the body; but the B current and spark is absolutely harmless, cannot be shorted, and will spark under water, in oil, and when the points of the sparking-plug are loaded with grease. Nothing will keep it from sparking. I hope we may soon hear of the Lodge coil in test on a big car.



MISS LILY HANBURY IN MOTOR-COSTUME.

Photograph by Lizzie Caswall Smith, Oxford Street, W.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

Christmas Meetings—Axes to Grind—Fools—Jumps—The Derby.

VERY few racing-fixtures will take place on Boxing Day. There should be a big crowd at Kempton Park and at Dunstall. The Sunbury fixture always yields well at holiday-times. The train accommodation is perfect and sport is generally tiptop. It must have been an oversight on the part of somebody that no fixture was arranged in the South for Dec. 28 and 29. The first date will be drawn blank, while Keele Park is the only meeting to be held on the 29th. The last two days of the year are given up to Hurst Park—a very popular meeting, by-the-bye, with stalls and gallery alike. Mr. Joe Davis always tries hard to please the populace, and his luck generally gets him home. In the theatrical world we often hear of benefit performances. Why not adopt the plan in racing? Who will be the first Clerk of the Course to devote a day's takings at a race-meeting to one of the many deserving charities in want of funds just now? I make the suggestion for what it is worth, and I pause for a reply from some of those lucky dogs who lift twenty-five per cent. dividends on occasion. A charity show with a minimum sixpenny gate would, in my opinion, be the draw of the whole racing season. Now then; my masters, wake up and walk up!

The critics with axes to grind are reviling the Turf and all its ways just now. We are told that racing has been ruined by the starting-gate, by the American jockeys, by the handicappers, by the apprentices, and so on and so forth *ad nauseam*. As a matter of fact, the English Turf flourishes as it never did before, the sport is better, and crowds witnessing racing compare favourably with those of the good old days, and, although the gambling of the Hastings and the Benzon eras is not with us now, it is yet possible to back a horse for a big handicap to net seventy or eighty thousand pounds. While I do not think a jockey ring is in existence at the present time, I firmly believe that some of the professional backers get to know before the start of those horses that are not likely to win; then, by backing a little lot of fit or highly tried animals, they are often able to find the winner, and that, too, without including the favourite, which is favourite not through the investments of the stable, but owing to its being a public fancy. We have at the head of the Turf gentlemen of big capacity and high integrity who would not hesitate to act, and quickly too, in any case of malpractice brought to their notice. 'Pon my word, I begin to think that fools are more harmful to the Turf than rogues. It is necessary to explain what I mean by fools and the Turf. I refer to the cocksure owners and trainers who fancy they shelter big geese, and bet accordingly, when the sequel shows that they had very tiny ducks. It was William Day who once said that 7 lb. in hand was not good enough to bet on. He required to have about 28 lb. to the good before planking down his money.

And here, I think, it would be topical to relate a little incident that took place a few years back. A little trainer had some selling-platers in his stable, and he tried them together, with the view to giving his masters the chance for a gamble over a selling hurdle-race. One animal beat the remaining six by a distance, and he was duly entered in a selling hurdle-race at Four Oaks Park, and all the patrons of the stable put their maximum on the presumed gilt-edged certainty. The horse finished last in a field of seven! Of course, all the horses in the stable were dreadfully moderate; thus all connected were woefully deceived. The engineers of big handicap coups nowadays do not act thus. Rather, they try to get a line in public to the

best form, and they never venture to bet unless they feel fairly certain they have a nice little bit in hand.

The question of fences at steeplechase meetings is one that I think requires to be dealt with. The National Hunt Committee have an Inspector, Mr. W. Bevill, who is a very able man, and, what is more to the point, who has been an amateur jockey under both sets of rules. Perhaps Mr. Bevill would tell an inquiring public why the jumps at Aintree are more difficult than they are at some of the South Country meetings. I take it that all steeplechase countries should be of exactly the same strength. Of course, I do not refer to fair natural country, such as is sometimes used for National Hunt steeplechases. I maintain that the fences to be jumped at all the enclosed meetings should be of a regulation height. If this were so, we should see very big prizes offered at many of the Park meetings and Liverpool would not have the monopoly it possesses at present. Anyone walking round the Grand National course after attending one of the little South Country meetings would be simply amazed at the difference in the height of the obstacles. If a steeplechaser is compelled to jump Beecher's Brook and tan-brush fences at Aintree, he should be called upon to do the same at, say, the Wye Meeting.

There are no fewer than seventeen French-trained horses in the Derby of 1905, and the best of the lot are Jardy and Val d'Or—at least, so the Parisian reporters say. M. Blanc has a very good chance of avenging Waterloo, unless Lord Rosebery comes to the rescue with Cicero, who, my Newmarket reporter says, is wintering well. Of the trainers' lots, R. Marsh has no fewer than ten horses left in. The best of the lot appears to be Rosemarket, who won twice as a two-year-old. The pick of Mr. Gilpin's four is Llangibby, a very nice colt. S. Darling's best is supposed to be Bishops-court. John Porter has three left in the race—Polymelus, Plum Centre, and Tankard; the first-named has the best record, but I am told that Plum Centre was highly tried as a two-year-old. J. E. Brewer, the highly successful Newmarket

trainer, has only Rouge Croix in the race; the colt is by Bend Or—Dame Agnetta. He won the Dewhurst Plate cleverly, being ridden by F. Bullock. Bishops-court, at even weights, was second, and Llangibby, giving the winner ten pounds, was a fair third. Plum Centre and Signorino, carrying even weights with the winner, were fourth and fifth respectively. This bit of form seems to point to the chances of Llangibby, who may be next best to Cicero, but M. Blanc's two representatives have won four races apiece and have not yet suffered defeat.

CAPTAIN COE.

Mr. G. Dudley Smith, the Master of the Croome Hounds, is a son-in-law of Lord Coventry, and his wife, Lady Barbara, has been one of the best lady riders to hounds in the kingdom from childhood onward. Mr. and Lady Barbara Dudley Smith have a beautiful place, Strensham Court, near Worcester, and from there, during the last five years, the Master of the Croome Hunt has shown splendid sport over what has become to hunting-men an historic stretch of country.



MR. G. DUDLEY SMITH, MASTER OF THE CROOME HOUNDS.

Photograph by Whitlock, Birmingham.

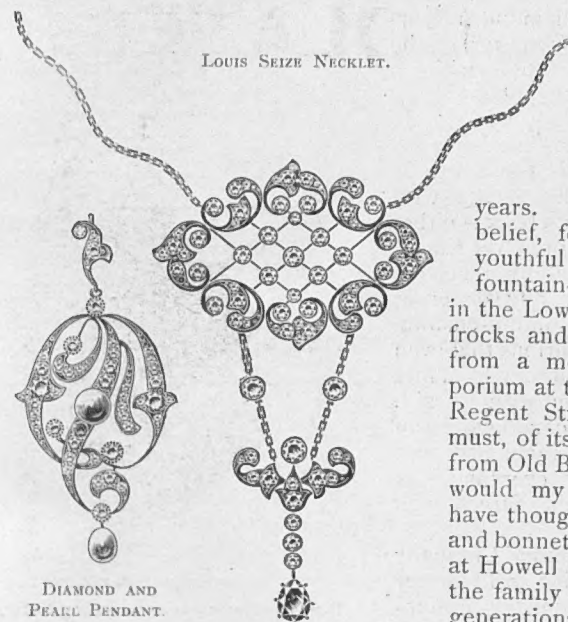
OUR LADIES' PAGES.

THE rules and regulations laid down for one's guidance by a preceding generation have a trick of obtruding themselves on one's memory long after the good folk who framed them and the circumstances that gave these traditions birth have passed into the Never-Never. So, when harking back in spirit to long-buried Christmases, little rag-tags of memory that have not been quite torn

off the page recall small incidents that were otherwise swept into the rubbish-heap of the past or trodden over by the quickly moving

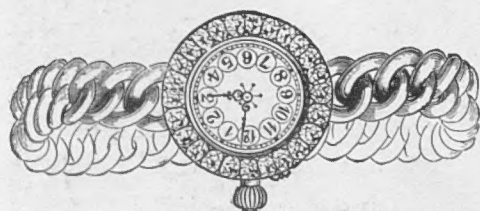
years. There was a sacred belief, for example, of my youthful days that the fountain-head of all toys was in the Lowther Arcade, that all frocks and frills must emanate from a most respectable emporium at the Pall Mall end of Regent Street, while jewellery must, of its very essence, come from Old Bond Street. As soon would my respected forbears have thought of buying gowns and bonnets anywhere else than at Howell and James's, where the family had an account for generations, than of purchasing their lockets and Albert watch-

chains and monumental jewellery generally at any other fount and centre than their well-approved Bond Street. Well, the toy street has gone, and "the only shop that Queen Victoria ever visited" is also a memory, as far as feminine fashions go; but Bond Street and the



LOUIS SEIZE NECKLET.

DIAMOND AND PEARL PENDANT.



WATCH-BRACELET.

JEWELLERY AT MESSRS. BENSON'S.

jewellers remain, the Fates be thanked! So one can gaze and gloat at will (though hardly with the ardour of eighteen) on the fine things and superfine things that fill the shop-windows and twinkle forth invitations on the passers-by to remember that Christmas is at hand.

At Benson's, of 25, Old Bond Street, some especial novelties tempt the willing fancy of the prosperous purchaser—pearls and diamonds and all other precious stones in seductive device and combination. A few examples are illustrated on this page which indicate the style and elegance that characterise the Benson jewellery. One is a diamond and pearl pendant, exquisite in design and first in order of merit as to the stones that compose it. Another achievement in daintiness is the Louis Seize necklet. Our old friend the watch-bracelet, an ever-welcomed gift, is apparently as popular as ever, and something quite new in pigs is the gold and pearl-studded presentment of that savoury animal which Benson's have introduced for Christmas cadeaux. The old "fender" tiara, with which our aunts and mothers crowned their tightly drawn-back locks, has mercifully disappeared, graceful hair-ornaments of airy-fairy

lightness having taken its place, and of this style Benson's have a great and varied collection. Apropos, no matter how rare and costly the particular gem that tempts, its possession can now become an accomplished fact by the method of easy, gradual payments which J.W. Benson, Limited, have instituted. Hundreds of women have availed themselves of this wonderful opportunity, and hundreds more need only know it to seize it.

"On revient toujours," said one who certainly had his measure of philosophy and experience; perhaps one should reverse the

order of words, as the first generally succeeds the second! Whatever one's habit in love, however, the parable doth certainly apply to other and more mundane things. Take Fry's Chocolate now. Does not the mere name of

Bristol conjure up Fry and all his toothsome works? As children we knew his chocolate well and often; as young men and maidens we did not altogether flout it; and in the years that people are pleased to call sober we find the matutinal cup brings us more solid sustenance as chocolate or cocoa than all the Boheas or Mochas ever imported. At Christmas the great firm of Fry are well to the fore with a collection of dainty boxes and their daintier contents, which will adorn many a Christmas-tree and nursery sideboard this season. The price of these chocolate-filled boxes is moderate, beginning from sixpence up to the more elaborate be-ribboned order at eight and ten shillings each, but, cheap or high priced, the contents are uniformly excellent and wholesome.

Christmas and comfort seem almost synonymous terms, and we love to associate that happy season with fireside cosiness and cheery gatherings that bring the peace of pleasure to the old and the paroxysms of it to the young. As the correct and suitable environment of the story-teller, what, in this connection, could be more eminently "in the picture" than this delightful "Tub-chair" which Messrs. Heal and Son, of Tottenham Court Road, present for our consideration as a Christmas gift? How many old or young or middle-aged folk would it not rejoice as an unhopd-for but Fairy-Godmother-given present! Its price is a mere five guineas, and it is of the best quality and workmanship, as are, indeed, all things that come from its eminent makers. Another immensely useful gift would be a large revolving mahogany bookcase, beautifully made and costing only four guineas, a smaller one, to stand either on top or on any table, being only twenty-six shillings. Three more all-round acceptable articles as presents than these Heal specialities it would indeed be difficult to find; though the palm of desirability, I think, I would accord the "Gossip-chair."

Foot and Son, of 171, New Bond Street, have hit on an excellent name for their new table by calling it the "Adapta." It is adjustable to any position for any purpose—for reading, writing, playing cards, having meals, or any of the uses which the invalid couch or bed may demand. Being ingeniously thumbscrewed to a parallel steel shaft, and so constructed as to remain perfectly firm in use, though without any central support, the "Adapta" is, in fact, the ideal invalid-table and must add immeasurably to the comfort of the sick-room. Its price is absurdly low, and it can be packed and sent securely to any part of the kingdom on receipt of an order. Another grateful and comforting speciality of Foot's is their already famous literary adjustable reclining-chair, which is mounted in front on smoothly running wheels that enable it to be moved easily and quickly. An attachable leg-rest, patent book-holder, reading and writing desks are adjuncts that the literary man will appreciate; they can be detached at will. The chair itself is luxurious, both in shape and construction, to the last degree, horsehair and springs to the depth of seven inches



"TUB-CHAIR" IN PRINTED LINEN BY MESSRS. HEAL AND SON.



LITERARY ADJUSTABLE RECLINING-CHAIR BY FOOT AND SON.



A DAINTY BOX OF FRY'S CHOCOLATES.

being a uniform padding. If the divine afflatus does not descend on the occupant of such a seat, one can only say it ought to. As a Christmas gift it is the thing *par excellence* for ease-loving paterfamilias or brain-weary husband.

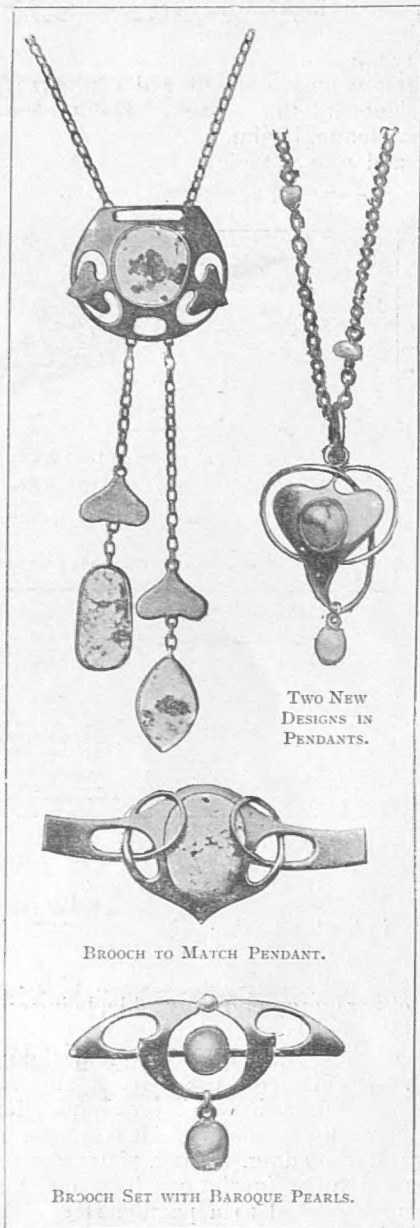
When an Eastern potentate comes to England for gems and precious metals, one may conclude that a special reason underlies this carrying of the traditional coals to Newcastle; so, when the Khedive gave not only his patronage to Godwin and Son, of 304, High Holborn, but the Order of Osmanieh in the Fourth Class as well, one

may be sure that special merit obtained this special recognition from one so versed in such values as His Highness. Godwin and Son have, indeed, made themselves a reputation which has travelled far beyond their immediate environment. In the matter of silver-ware their name in the City is a household word. And no less in the weightier affair of watches and precious stones have their special designs and uniformly good workmanship obtained a wide recognition. Being established since 1801, Messrs. Godwin have a reputation to keep and live up to; therefore, when a watch is purchased or a necklace of brilliants bestowed, the buyer knows that he has received a full equivalent in value for his money in these days of high prices and low standards. Two new designs in gold-mounted pendants are shown here, one being set with emerald matrix, and the other with turquoise matrix. A pretty brooch to match the latter should be a favourite Christmas gift, and another set with baroque pearls, each stone in a sort of gold-wire cobweb, has a very uncommon and pretty effect. Amongst the silver things, a registered stand for sealing letters, on an envelope-shaped tray, was entirely uncommon. A dainty five-o'clock-tea set also pleased me very much, and I will give the palm unhesitatingly to some silver waiters, faithful copies of the antique, which appealed to one's utilitarian and artistic instincts at the same moment.

designer of all these beguiling *bibels*. Of silver-plate Vickery has, of course, an enormous and unique collection. His jewellery always bears the hall-mark of good taste, and the latest departure in necklaces is very original, being a series of interlaced platinum or gold links woven in points, from each of which depends a pearl. The prices are low, only £2 10s. and £3 10s. Some miniature pendants in diamonds and rubies or other stones should be seen; they are little masterpieces of design. The diamond motor-pin is a novelty; another is the silver match-box fitted with a collapsible cigarette-tube. It is ridiculously cheap—only 22s. 6d., and, in gold, £6 10s. Another good present for a man is the aforesaid walrus-hide as a letter-case with banknote-pocket at back; either plain or with gold or silver rims it is sure to be gratefully received. Again, another for any or every body is the new folding-cushion for travelling, so luxurious that even the rigours of a journey to Tibet might be ameliorated with its aid. Finally, Vickery's catalogue is an object-lesson in ingenuity and should be seen by everyone. A card to 179, Regent Street, will bring it by return.

The Parisian Diamond Company seem to have outvied all former triumphs in the exquisite productions which have been prepared for this Christmas season. The originality and grace of their designs are more evidenced, the brilliancy and sparkle of their stones are, if possible, more luminous, and the lustre and sheen of their unapproachable pearls impress one again as distinctive and apart from all others. Myriads of alluring articles are exposed in the Company's different shops, and few can pass these glittering sign-posts in the Burlington Arcade or the top of Bond Street without pausing to admire, from the purely artistic standpoint, the array of exquisitely set jewellery that is displayed within. From the Regent Street house, No. 143, come two particularly beautiful ornaments, which are reproduced on this page, one a waist-buckle of enamel and square-cut diamonds, another a magnificent pendant, small brilliants, set close in detached rings, enclosing a central pear-shaped emerald. These are so eminently attractive that, were one offered a choice, it would be puzzling to decide which more recommended itself to the gratified fancy.

I always think a delightful way of expressing themselves beneficially at Christmas-time is adopted by those who invite others to the play and a Savoy or Carlton supper afterwards. It may be evanescent, but it is also the very pleasantest form of pleasure, and as much appreciated nowadays as an Indian shawl or a soup-plate gold brooch would have been fifty years ago. Therefore, when some prosperous and prodigal relatives took us to "Lady Windermere's Fan,"



TWO NEW
DESIGNS IN
PENDANTS.

BROOCH TO MATCH PENDANT.

BROOCH SET WITH BAROQUE PEARLS.

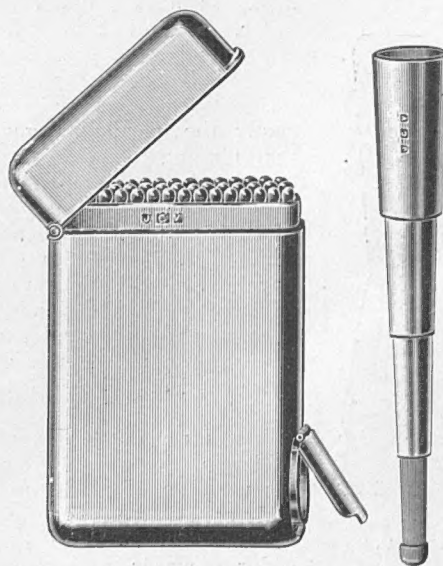
NOVELTIES BY GODWIN AND SON.

The new walrus-leather, which has been introduced by Vickery, of Regent Street, this season, appears in many articles of "bigotry and virtue," and from its extreme softness yet durability seems the ideal article for the writing-table. The registered letter-trays are charming and a speciality of Vickery's. Then there are dollar-bill-cases, banknote-cases, purses, and many other useful trifles. Each is banded with silver-gilt, which harmonises so well with the walrus-leather colouring, and, altogether, they are something new in the matter of presents. The new work-tables just introduced are perfect as compendiums of all one's wants in stitchery; and there are drawing-room waste-paper holders in satin-wood and mahogany, entirely dainty and uncommon, smart post-boxes for the hall-table, theatre-cases arranged for fare-money, tickets, cards, pocket-handkerchief, and opera-glass, all fitting into the smallest space, delightfully fitted gardening-baskets—the very thing for a country cousin, registered cases for telephone-message forms, for the visiting-lists, for prescriptions even. Nothing seems to have escaped the ingenious



DIAMOND MOTOR PIN.

WALRUS-HIDE LETTER-CASE.

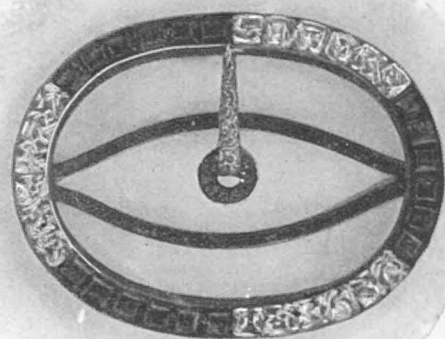


SILVER MATCH-BOX WITH COLLAPSIBLE
CIGARETTE-TUBE.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS AT J. C. VICKERY'S.



EMERALD PENDANT SET WITH BRILLIANTS.

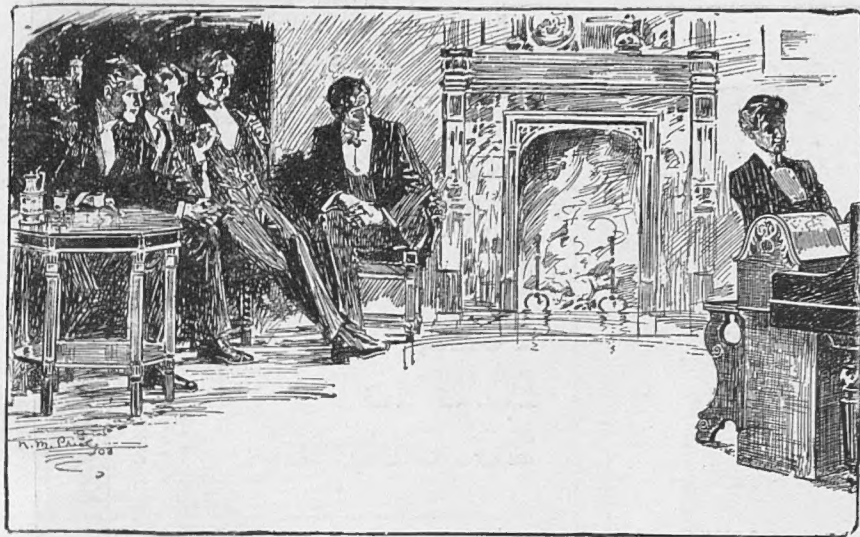


WAIST-BUCKLE OF ENAMEL AND SQUARE-CUT DIAMONDS.

AT THE PARISIAN DIAMOND COMPANY'S.

and the Savoy to follow, some evenings since, one felt that all former sins of omission or commission were blotted out for ever. "The Fan" is no less charming than of yore, and the new Savoy Restaurant is like nothing in the world but itself. Everyone who has not seen both or either should rectify that omission with what speed he may. Those who have once seen the play will not require to be reminded that such brilliant writing interpreted so perfectly is not the portion of the Londoner every day.

Everyone will concede that the paragon of Christmas presents would be a Pianola from the Orchestrelle Company's new salons in



A PIANOLA IN USE AT A BACHELOR'S PARTY.

Bond Street, most people recognising that this practical adjunct to the piano, which develops its endless capabilities of enjoyment and turns the tyro into a brilliantly capable performer, is also "far above rubies" in the home. Up to the present a really artistic mechanical piano-attachment was a matter of considerable outlay, but the Orchestrelle Company, through having just introduced a new model called the "Aeriola," have revolutionised that necessity. The "Aeriola" is a completely perfect instrument with many quite new improvements. Its price is extremely moderate, being only £34 for cash, and its workmanship is guaranteed. A repertoire of twelve thousand different rolls opens a vast field of operations for the performer, and the instrument, as has been truly said, is altogether a veritable antidote to monotony, as it is a bountiful provider of pleasure. Everyone who can should invest in an "Aeriola."

Now, at this time of year, when crowds of country cousins pervade the shopping centres, and Bond Street is a background for the rosy-hued and healthy-faced, as in the early season weeks, there is much cheerful interchange of gossip and merry meetings at lunch, where buying and bought take the usual place of frocks and fashions in feminine conversation. The ladies' clubs make very cheery rendezvous, and the Empress especially figures largely forth as a favourite meeting-place. Its handsome rooms are always full to overflowing of members and their guests; rarely a week, indeed, passes without a visit from some Royalty, and when the "Infanta" Eulalie was last in town the Empress Club was made Her Royal Highness's headquarters. Add to this the testimony of a distinguished Parisienne who recently visited this centre of social life—that she saw the best-dressed women in London at the Empress Club—and one has a testimonial which will appeal to everybody, for we all, even the frumps, like to be well-dressed and, still more, to be considered so. Perhaps the enduring attractions of this Club are most amply proved, however, by the fact that every week more or less new members join who were once old members and wandered away to try fresh fields

and rival departures. The fact that they have "been around," as the Americans say, and return for re-election is the best criterion of the comfort and cachet which attach to the Empress Club of all others.

SYBIL.

SILVER NOVELTIES BY THE GOLDSMITHS AND SILVERSMITHS COMPANY.

In their production of artistic novelties in solid silver specially suitable for presents the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company seem this year to have excelled themselves, so perfect in workmanship and so graceful in design are all their novel specimens of silver-ware. Those of my readers who are able to pay a visit to the Company's recently extended show-rooms at 112, Regent Street, will find there innumerable silver gifts of perfectly unique and original design. Many of these novelties, by the way, are charmingly illustrated in the new catalogue, which is devoted to novelties for Christmas and New Year presents and which will be sent, post free, to any part of the world. A certain page in this catalogue, which will solve satisfactorily the difficulties of many of us, is devoted entirely to serviceable presents for men, carried out in solid silver. Among these there is a combination taper and match-box holder, cigar-rest, and ash-tray, carried out entirely in solid silver. This will instantly commend itself as an ideal present for a man who smokes. It costs three guineas only. The various other dainty novelties in silver which come from the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, and of which we give illustrations, will appeal forcibly to all who are in search of exceptionally artistic and charming presents. Among our sketches will be found a very quaint sugar-bowl of graceful outline, standing on shaped legs, and made in a form suggested by an antique design. The price of this bowl is four pounds, with sifter complete. A charming vase in solid silver, elaborately pierced, and fitted with a green glass lining, may be seen in another sketch. This vase costs twenty-four shillings and measures seven inches in height. We also illustrate a highly decorative silver-mounted paper-weight and bell combined, fitted at the side with a movable writing-tablet. Costing only £2 18s. 6d., this would make a very suitable present for a man's writing-table.

For the Folkestone Steeplechases next Monday (Dec. 19) the South-Eastern and Chatham Railway will run a number of special trains. A Club Train (first-class only, return day-fare eight shillings) leaves Charing Cross at 10.50, calling at Waterloo and London Bridge, while at 10.13 a train carrying third-class passengers only (return fare five shillings) will leave, calling at the same stations and at New Cross.



SILVER NOVELTIES BY THE GOLDSMITHS AND SILVERSMITHS COMPANY.

The Best Xmas Gift is the Best Fountain Pen

"SWAN"

It outlasts most Gifts; it is good for years of writing. Perfect in its working; elegant and dainty in appearance; its suitability as an **XMAS PRESENT** has long been recognised.

Every moment saved in writing is a moment in life extra.
"SWAN" Pens save many moments in every letter.

In ordering, a sample steel nib, or specimen of handwriting, will enable us to select the most suitable pen.



**Presentation
"SWAN"
Fountain
Pens,
10/6 to
20 Guineas.**

Rev. WILLIAM LANCE, Buckland S. Mary, Chard, writes—
"Your Pens make most excellent presents, and are much appreciated by those to whom I give them."

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Calais	8.35 a.m.	8.45 a.m.	5.50 a.m.	5.50 a.m.
Paris (Nord) { arr. 8.40 dep. 8.7	8.7 a.m.	7.41 a.m.	7.41 a.m.	7.41 a.m.
Paris (Lyon) { arr. 7.14 dep. 7.30	8.41 a.m.	8.16 a.m.	8.16 a.m.	8.16 a.m.
Marseilles	7.8 a.m.	9.34 a.m.	7.28 p.m.	10.11 a.m.
Toulon (for Hyeres) ..	8.19 a.m.	10.58 a.m.	8.32 p.m.	2.7 p.m.
Cannes	10.15 a.m.	1.27 p.m.	10.19 p.m.	5.0 p.m.
Nice	10.47 a.m.	2.12 p.m.	10.50 p.m.	6.8 p.m.
Monte Carlo	11.28 a.m.	3.4 p.m.	11.30 p.m.	7.20 p.m.
Mentone	11.45 a.m.	3.24 p.m.	11.45 p.m.	7.39 p.m.
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